

DEC.

NO 12

# FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

THE FOOLS RELEASED  
ME FROM MY AGE-OLD  
IMPRISONMENT---AND **DEATH**  
SHALL BE THEIRS!



ONLY AN  
ANCIENT COFFER--  
YET IT HELD A SECRET  
WHICH SHOOK THE WORLD!  
Read  
**"CHEST of  
DEATH"**  
--- IN THIS  
ALL-WEIRD  
ISSUE!





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# the Chest of Death

**L**ISTEN! WHAT MESSAGE DOES THE NIGHT WIND BEAR? IS IT A WARNING OF DISASTER-- A PROMISE OF DEATH? YES, FOR ABHEN THE SLAYER STALKS THE EARTH ONCE MORE -- FULFILLING A THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD VOW TO ANNIHILATE MANKIND!

FOOLS! YOU HAVE SET ME FREE.. FREE TO DESTROY THE EARTH!

WHAT ARE THE INGREDIENTS FOR CATASTROPHE? START WITH A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR FROM A FAR LAND... A RICKETY BAGGAGE TRUCK...

TAKE IT TO THE CUSTOMS OFFICE-- AND BE CAREFUL!

BUMP! BUMP!

ADD A LOVELY-- AND CURIOUS-- GIRL, JUST HOME FROM ABROAD...

GOODNESS! WHAT A STRANGE LITTLE BOX! SEEMS EMPTY... NOW WHO'D THROW SUCH A PRETTY THING AWAY?

CUSTOM OFFICE

THUS, THE WHEEL OF DESTINY IS SET IN MOTION-- A WHEEL SET TO STOP AT-- ETERNITY!

ANYTHING TO DECLARE, SIR?

KISMET! THE CHEST OF ABHEN-- IT IS GONE!



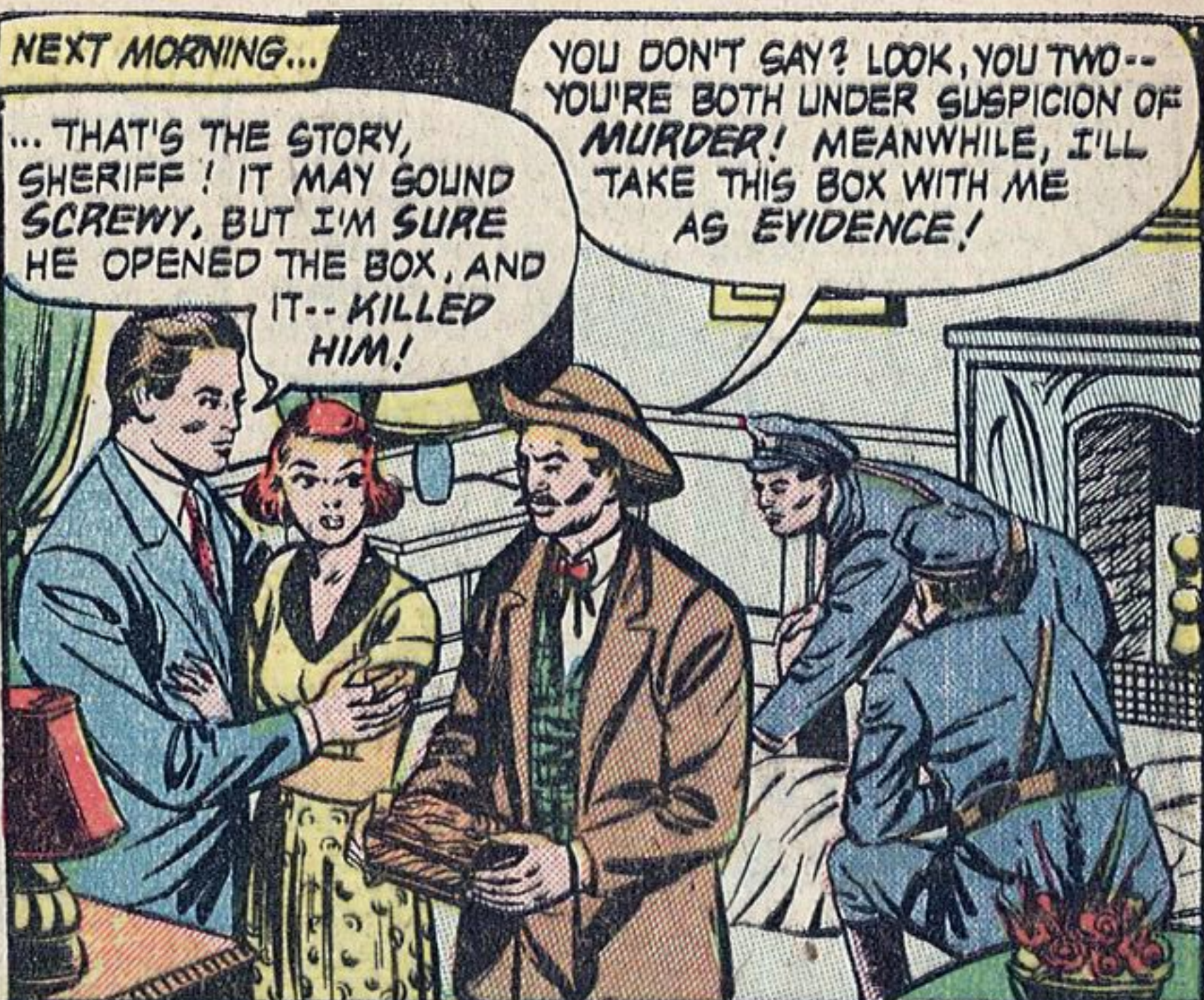
BACK HOME AGAIN, ARDA MORROW'S FIANCÉ, ARCHEOLOGIST DAVE SLOANE, SHOWED AN UNUSUAL INTEREST IN THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE BOX...







YOU ARE ONLY THE **FIRST!**  
BEFORE LONG, SOMEONE  
WILL OPEN THE CHEST  
AGAIN-- AND **DIE!**



NEXT MORNING...

... THAT'S THE STORY,  
SHERIFF! IT MAY SOUND  
**SCREWY**, BUT I'M **SURE**  
HE OPENED THE BOX, AND  
IT-- **KILLED**  
HIM!

YOU DON'T SAY? LOOK, YOU TWO--  
YOU'RE BOTH UNDER SUSPICION OF  
**MURDER!** MEANWHILE, I'LL  
TAKE THIS BOX WITH ME  
AS **EVIDENCE!**

THAT AFTERNOON, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...



ABHEN THE SLAYER-- **HMPH!**  
I'LL JUST OPEN THIS  
BOX AND SEE WHAT  
REALLY **IS** INSIDE!

AS AN AGONIZED  
SCREAM BROUGHT  
GUARDS...

CALL THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!  
HE'S BEEN **KILLED!**

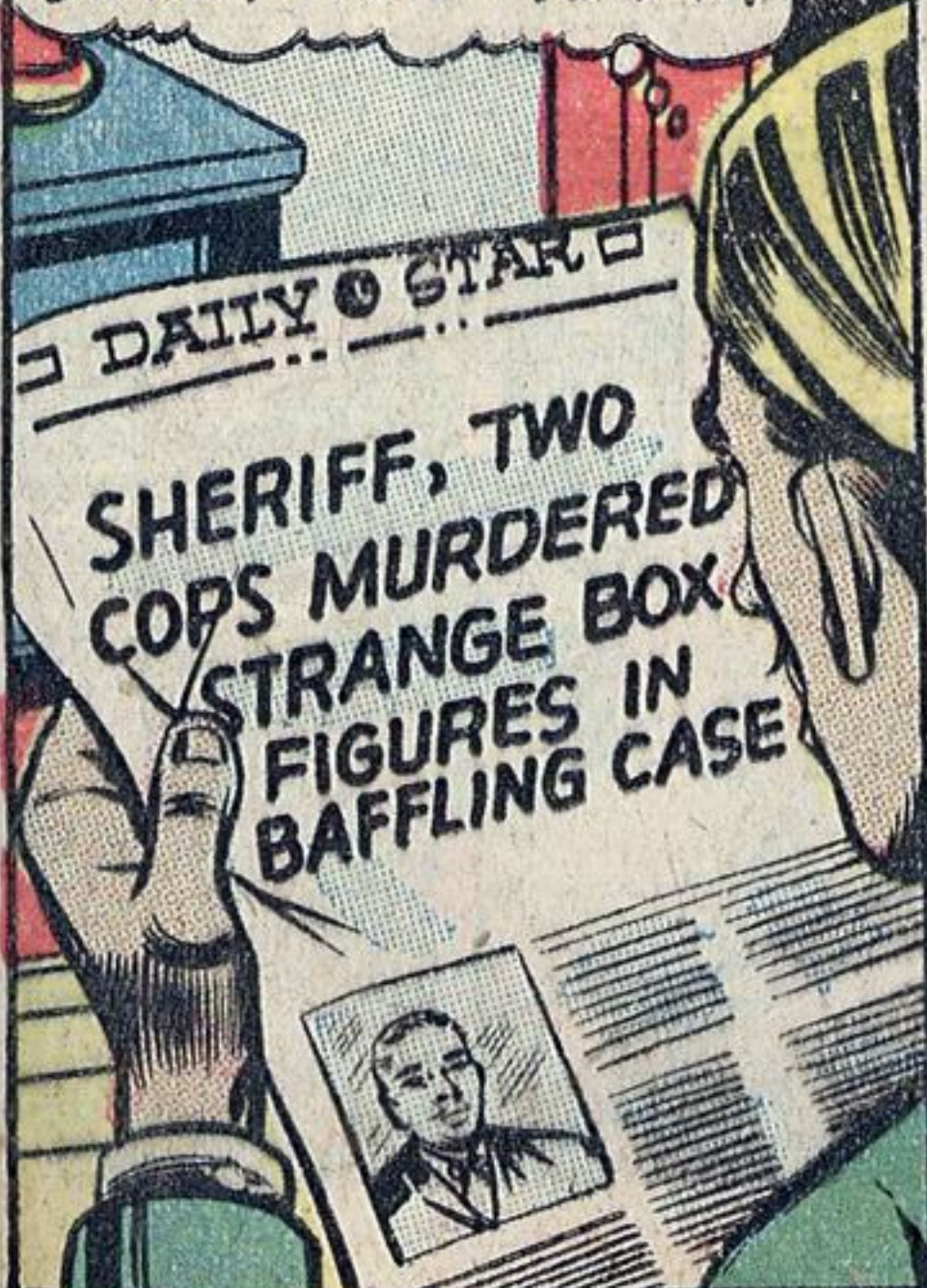
GREAT GUNS! WHAT  
HAPPENED?



OF COURSE, FOOLS  
-- AS YOU WILL BE  
KILLED-- IF YOU  
OPEN THE CHEST!

IN THE AFTERNOON HEADLINES...

THE CHEST OF ABHEN THE  
SLAYER-- I'VE FOUND IT!



I **MUST** GET IT BACK-- NO  
MATTER **HOW!** BUT FIRST, I  
MUST VISIT  
MISS ARDA  
MORROW!



WHO IS THIS DARK STRANGER?  
WHAT IS HIS STAKE IN THE  
FRIGHTENING MYSTERY THAT  
HAS **TERRORIZED**  
THE CITY?

NEXT MORNING, AT ARDA'S HOME...

MY NAME IS **KASMAR!** THAT CHEST  
YOU FOUND-- IT BELONGED TO **ME!**  
AND NOW, I--I  
NEED YOUR HELP!



WHY, I--I...  
WON'T YOU  
COME IN?

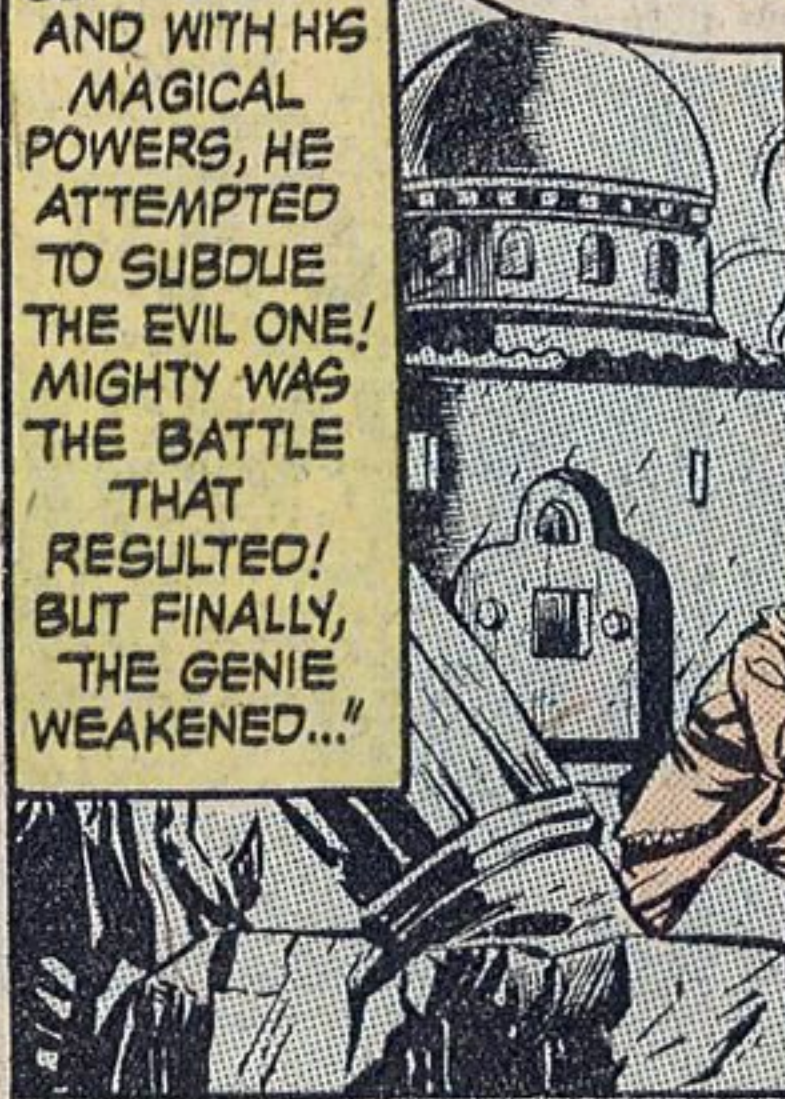


WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME--SO I'LL BE BRIEF! ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, MY COUNTRY WAS RAVAGED BY A MONSTROUS GENIE NAMED ABHEN...

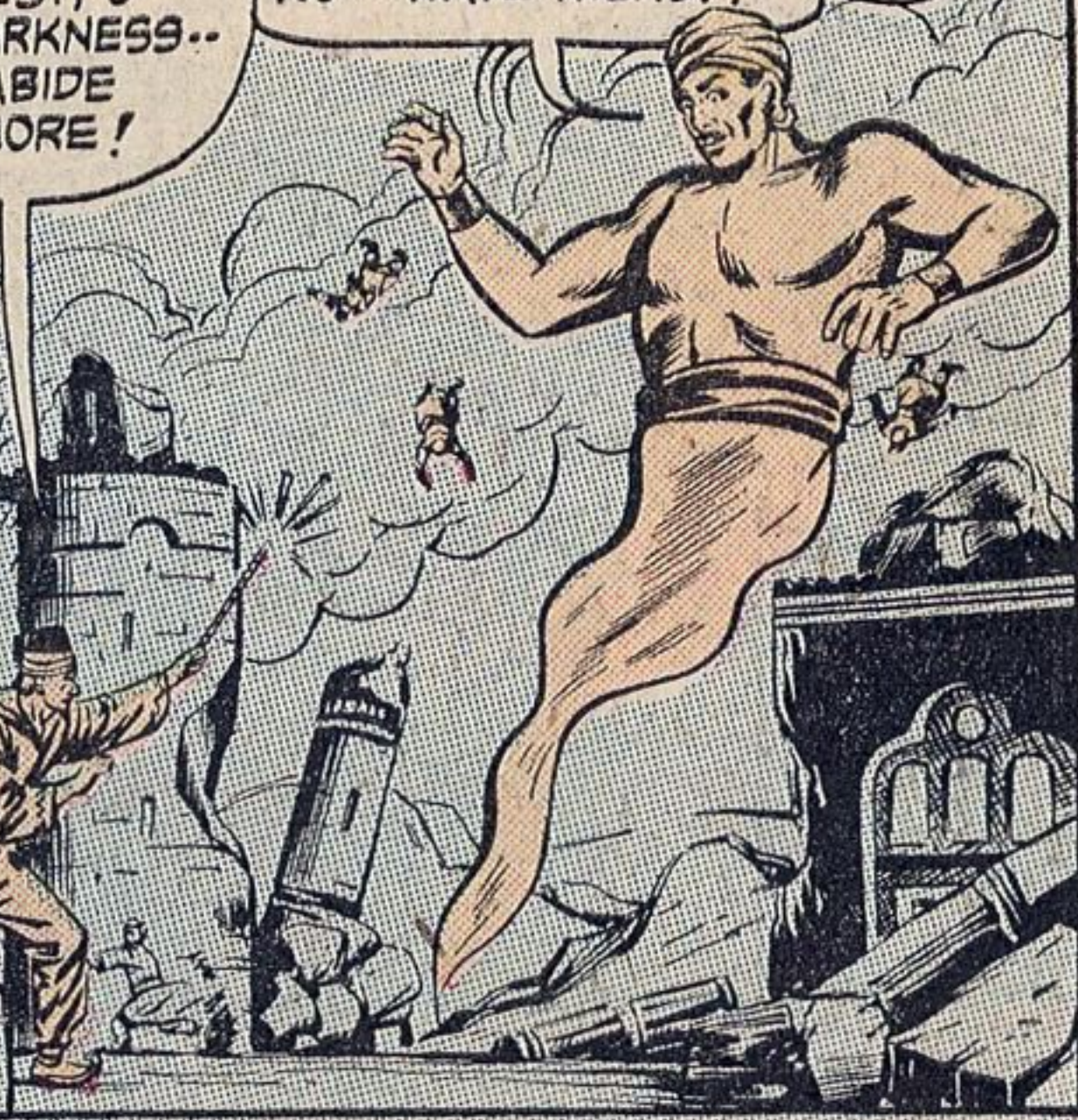


"... A GREAT AND GOOD WIZARD WAS AT LAST SUMMONED-- AND WITH HIS MAGICAL POWERS, HE ATTEMPTED TO SUBDUCE THE EVIL ONE! MIGHTY WAS THE BATTLE THAT RESULTED! BUT FINALLY, THE GENIE WEAKENED..."

ARBAR EL ACHMET! INTO THE CHEST, O SPIRIT OF DARKNESS-- THERE TO ABIDE FOREVERMORE!



MY STRENGTH-- LEAVES ME! NO-- HAVE MERCY!



THE GENIE IS IMPRISONED, BUT MY POWERS ARE LIMITED! ABHEN WILL KILL ANYONE WHO OPENS THE CHEST! WHEN TEN PERSONS HAVE DIED THUS, THE MONSTER'S STRENGTH WILL BE FULLY REPLENISHED-- AND HE WILL BE FREE TO SCOURGE THE EARTH ONCE MORE!



IT WILL BE GUARDED THROUGH ALL ETERNITY! I, KASMAR, DECREE IT!

AS THE INCREDIBLE TALE ENDED...

I AM THE LAST OF THE KASMARS, GUARDIANS OF THE CHEST OF ABHEN! FOUR PERSONS HAVE DIED SINCE THE CHEST WAS OPENED YESTERDAY! ONE DIED CENTURIES AGO! THEREFORE, ABHEN NEEDS BUT FIVE MORE VICTIMS, AND HE WILL BE STRONG ENOUGH TO DESTROY MANKIND!



BUT, KASMAR, WHY DID YOU BRING THE CHEST TO AMERICA? BECAUSE THE CHIEF OF AN OUTLAW TRIBE DESIRES THE CHEST! HE WISHES TO RULE THE WORLD-- WITH THE HELP OF ABHEN!



I HAVE FLED FROM THESE EVIL MEN-- ALL THE WAY TO AMERICA! BUT THEY HAVE FOLLOWED ME, AND UNLESS I GET THE CHEST BACK-- THE WORLD IS DOOMED!



YOU CAN COUNT ON US, KASMAR! GREAT SCOTT-- WHAT'S THAT?



EXTRA! DISTRICT ATTORNEY MURDERED!





MOMENTS LATER...

MURDER NUMBER SIX! DO YOU THINK ABHEN HAD---?

I HAVE WHAT YOU CALL A-- HUNCH! FOLLOW ME!



AT THE HOME OF THE MURDERED DISTRICT ATTORNEY...

YES, MY HUSBAND DID BRING HOME A STRANGE LITTLE BOX LAST EVENING! HE SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT---

THANK HEAVENS WE GOT HERE IN TIME! YOU MUST GIVE IT TO US-- IMMEDIATELY!



I... I CAN'T! YOU SEE, THIS MORNING THE HOUSE WAS RANSACKED-- BUT THE ONLY THING TAKEN WAS THAT!

BY THE PROPHET! MY ENEMIES-- THEY HAVE IT! WE ARE LOST!



MAYBE NOT, KASMAR! THOSE CREEPS ARE SURE TO TAKE THE CHEST BACK TO PERSIA AS FAST AS THEY CAN! BUT WE'VE GOT TO HEAD THEM OFF! C'MON!



SWIFTLY, DAVE MADE TWO TELEPHONE CALLS, MATCHING KEEN AMERICAN WITS AGAINST THE SUBTLE FIENDISHNESS OF THE ORIENT!

WHAT? NO TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHTS TODAY? THANKS!

HELLO? WHEN DOES THE NEXT SHIP LEAVE FOR THE MIDDLE EAST? WH-A-AT? IT LEFT AN HOUR AGO?



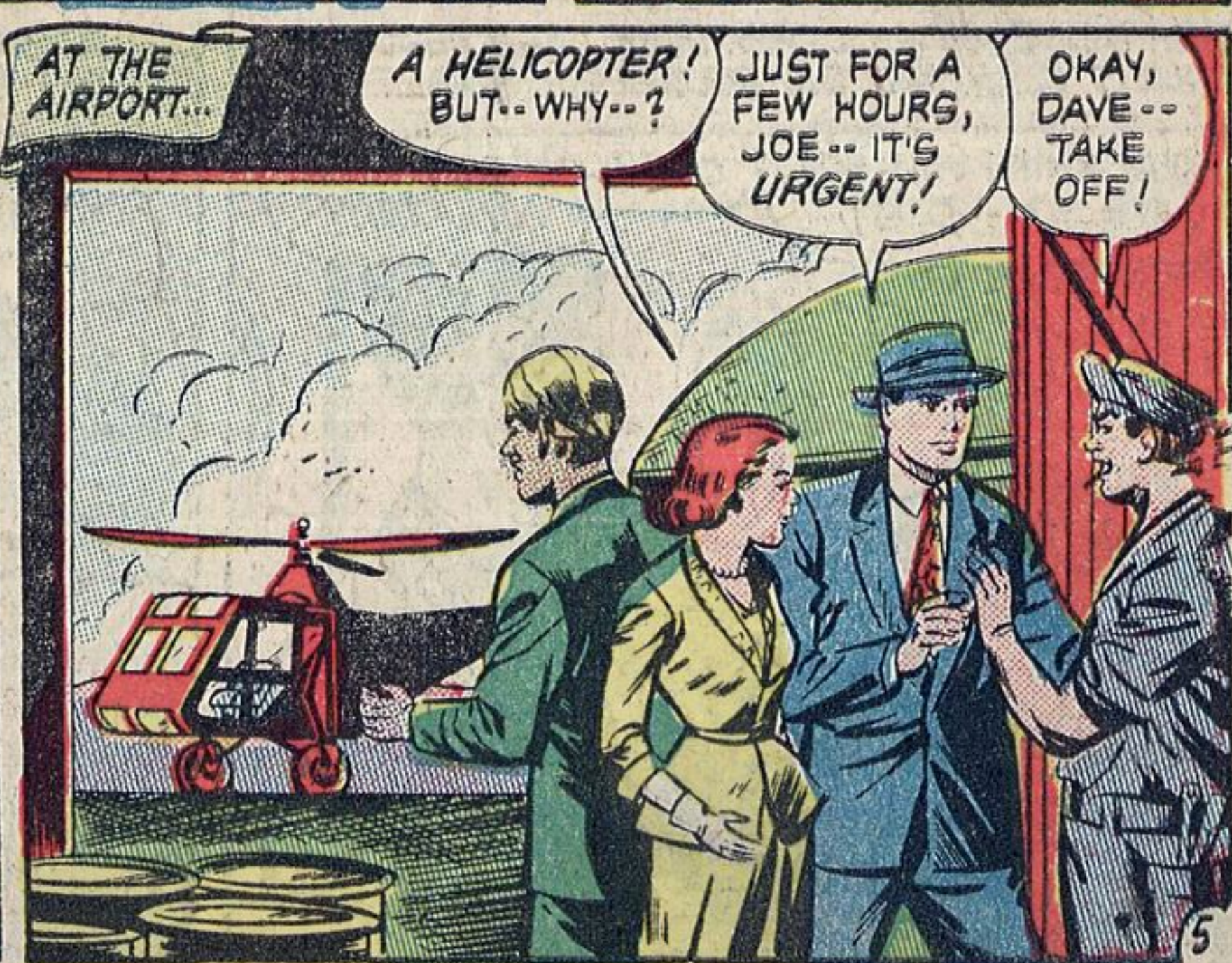
TAXI-- TO THE AIRPORT! AND I'LL PAY YOUR SPEEDING FINE!

BUT-- DAVE!



WHY ARE WE GOING TO THE AIRPORT IF THERE ARE NO FLIGHTS TODAY?

YOU'LL SEE! FASTER, DRIVER!



AT THE AIRPORT...

A HELICOPTER! BUT-- WHY--?

JUST FOR A FEW HOURS, JOE-- IT'S URGENT!

OKAY, DAVE-- TAKE OFF!



SOON AFTERWARDS...

LOOK! THERE'S THE SHIP!  
IT'LL BE TRICKY, BUT  
WE'RE LANDING--RIGHT  
ON THAT DECK!



AFTER A DIFFICULT MANEUVER...

BY THE DEVIL'S BEARD--LOOK!  
IT IS KASMAR!

QUICK, AFTER THEM!  
THEY HAVE THE CHEST!



WHILE STARTLED PASSENGERS FLED,  
THE FRANTIC CHASE COURSED THROUGH  
THE SHIP! ITS CLIMAX COULD ONLY BE  
-- DEATH!

OKAY, FAT BOY--  
HAND IT  
OVER!

I GROW WEARY,  
AKAM! HERE--  
FLEE! I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF THE  
YANKEE!



AS DAVE STUMBLED--

AGHH!

TAKE THAT, YOU  
MEDDLING FOOL!



DARLING--  
ARE YOU  
BADLY  
HURT?

NO-- JUST THE  
SHOULDER--  
BUT I GOTTA  
HELP KASMAR!



MEANWHILE, ON AN UPPER DECK, AS KASMAR  
FINALLY CORNERED THE SECOND ORIENTAL...

YOUR KNIFE WILL NOT  
SAVE YOU-- DOG!

COME CLOSER-- AND  
FIND OUT!



AS KASMAR LEAPED, AND THE CHEST FELL FROM  
THE ENEMY'S NUMBED GRIP...

THE CHEST---! IT  
HAS OPENED!

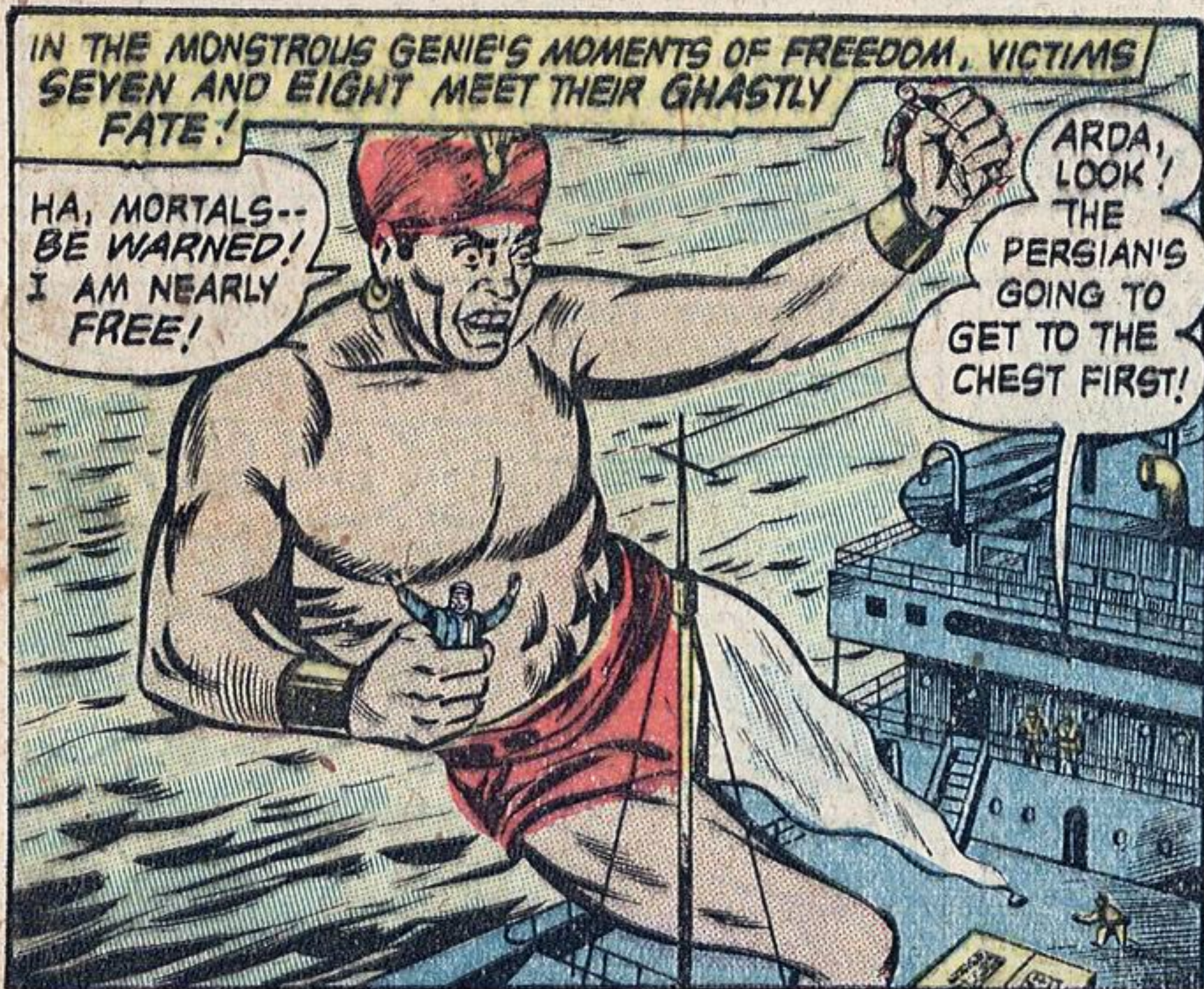
WE... WE ARE DEAD  
MEN!





IN THE MONSTROUS GENIE'S MOMENTS OF FREEDOM, VICTIMS SEVEN AND EIGHT MEET THEIR GHASTLY FATE!

HA, MORTALS--  
BE WARNED!  
I AM NEARLY  
FREE!



ARDA,  
LOOK!  
THE  
PERSIAN'S  
GOING TO  
GET TO THE  
CHEST FIRST!

THE HUGE MONSTER RETURNED TO THE CHEST, JUST AS IT WAS SNATCHED UP!

OKAY, FAT BOY-- I'M COMING  
BACK FOR ROUND TWO!



THE IRONY OF FATE! ATTEMPTING  
TO ESCAPE THE VENGEFUL DAVE,  
THE HASTY CRIMINAL RUSHED  
AGAINST THE SHIP'S RAIL --  
STUMBLED-- AND--

BUT IT WAS NOT ORDAINED THAT THE  
SCOUNDREL SUFFER THE KIND  
FATE OF DROWNING! FOR, AS  
THE FALLING CHEST STRUCK  
THE WATER...

DON'T COMPLAIN, PAL--  
DROWNING'S A LOT  
BETTER THAN WHAT  
YOU WOULD'VE GOT  
FROM ME!



AND AS ABHEN SEIZED HIS NINTH VICTIM--  
HE SLOWLY SANK BENEATH THE SEA--  
STILL BOUND TO THE TINY CHEST!

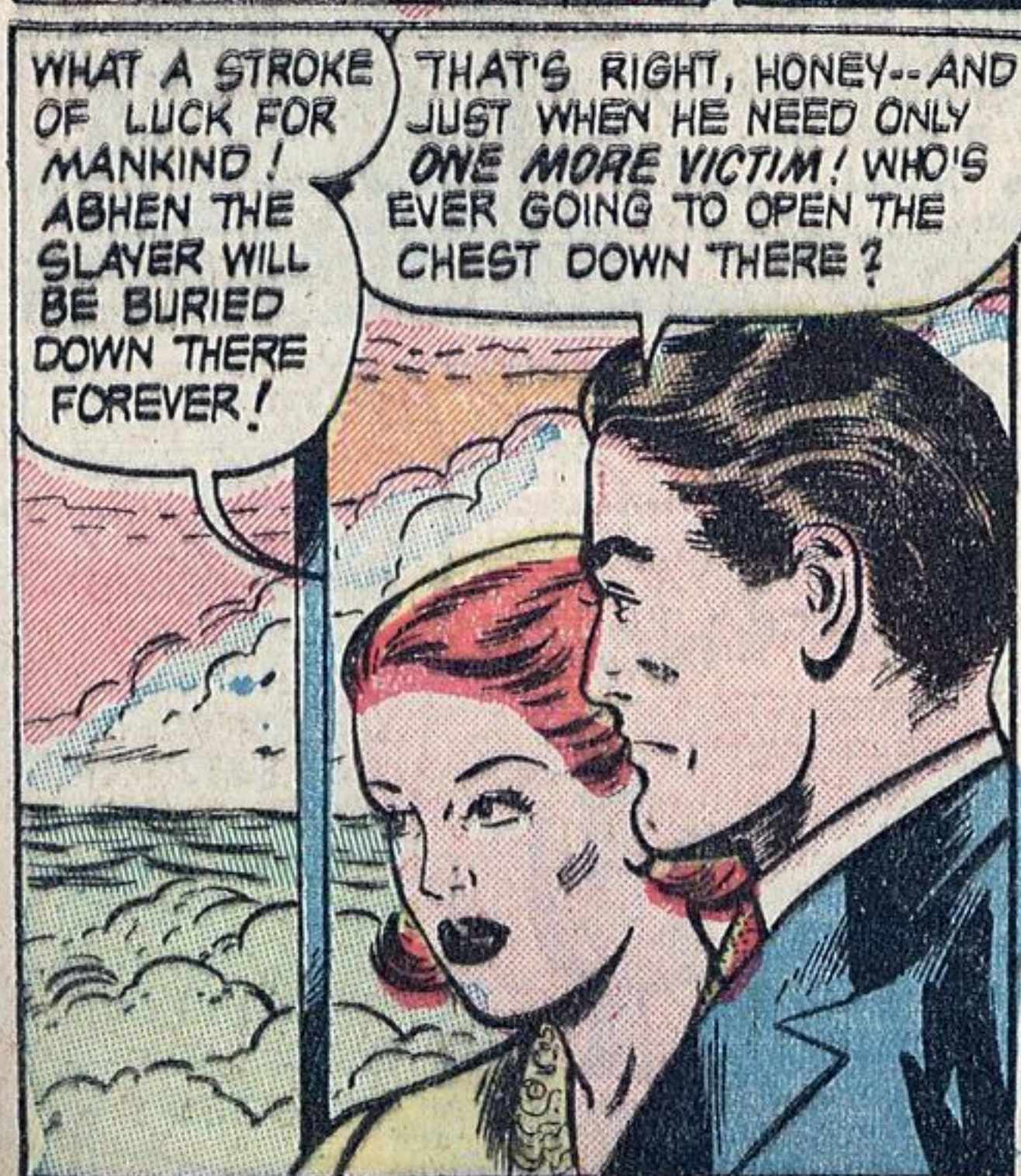
GREAT  
SCOTT!  
LOOK AT  
THE SIZE  
OF THAT  
THING!

AIEEE!



WHAT A STROKE  
OF LUCK FOR  
MANKIND!  
ABHEN THE  
SLAYER WILL  
BE BURIED  
DOWN THERE  
FOREVER!

THAT'S RIGHT, HONEY-- AND  
JUST WHEN HE NEED ONLY  
ONE MORE VICTIM! WHO'S  
EVER GOING TO OPEN THE  
CHEST DOWN THERE?



BUT-- EVEN NOW,  
SALVAGE  
OPERATIONS  
HAVE BEGUN  
ON A SUNKEN  
TREASURE SHIP  
THAT LIES NOT  
FAR FROM  
SHORE! AND IN  
THE GLEAMING  
CHEST THAT  
RESTS ON ITS  
DECK-- IS THE  
EVIL GENIE,  
ABHEN--  
PATIENTLY  
WAITING--  
FOR HIS  
TENTH  
VICTIM!

THE  
END



# "True" GHOST ARMIES

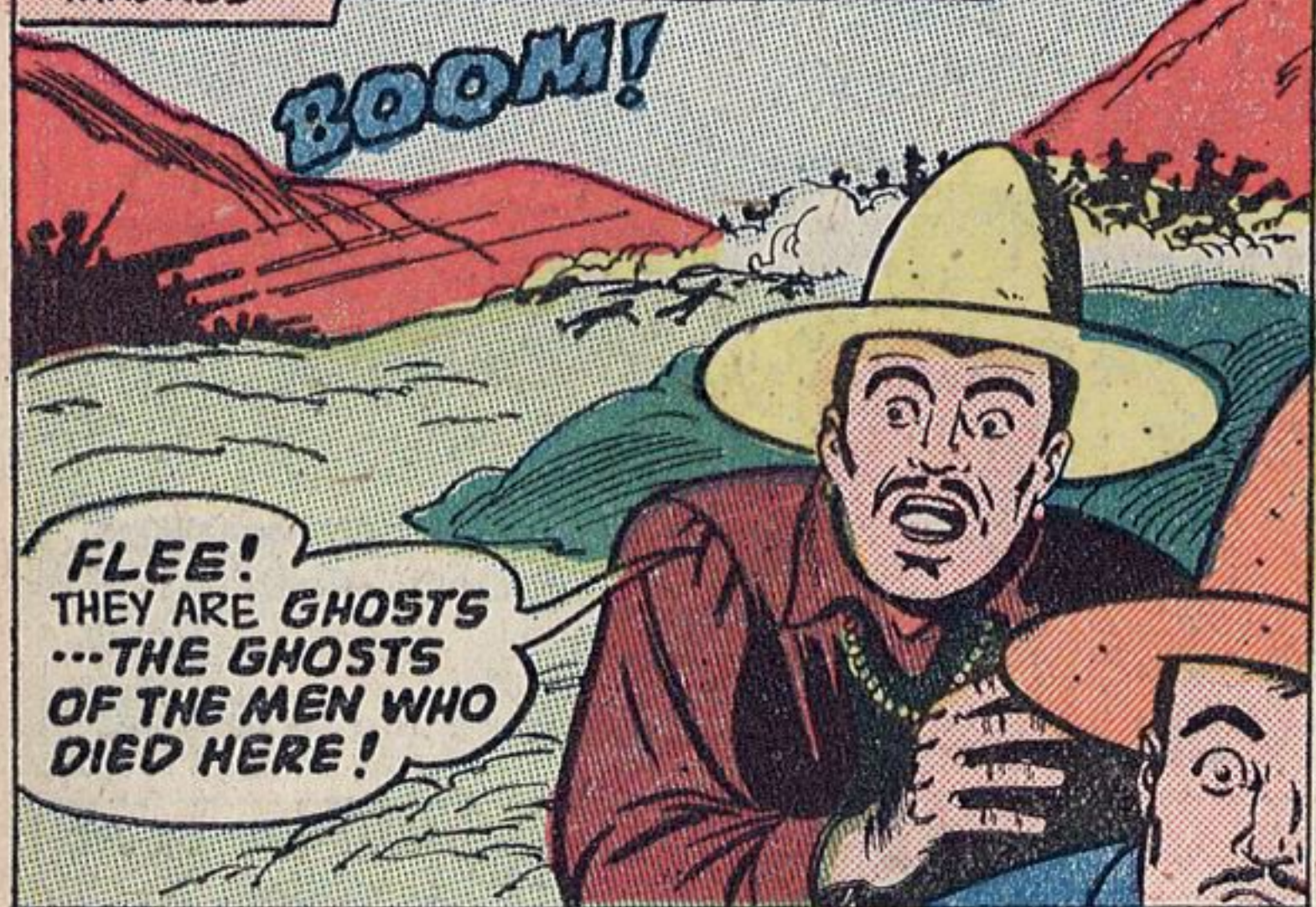
ON FEBRUARY 23RD, 1847, AT LA ANGOSTURA PASS SOUTH OF SALTILLO, MEXICO, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS BATTLES OF THE MEXICAN WAR WAS FOUGHT---THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA, IN WHICH 4,600 AMERICANS SMASHED A MEXICAN ARMY OF OVER 20,000 UNDER GENERAL SANTA ANNA!



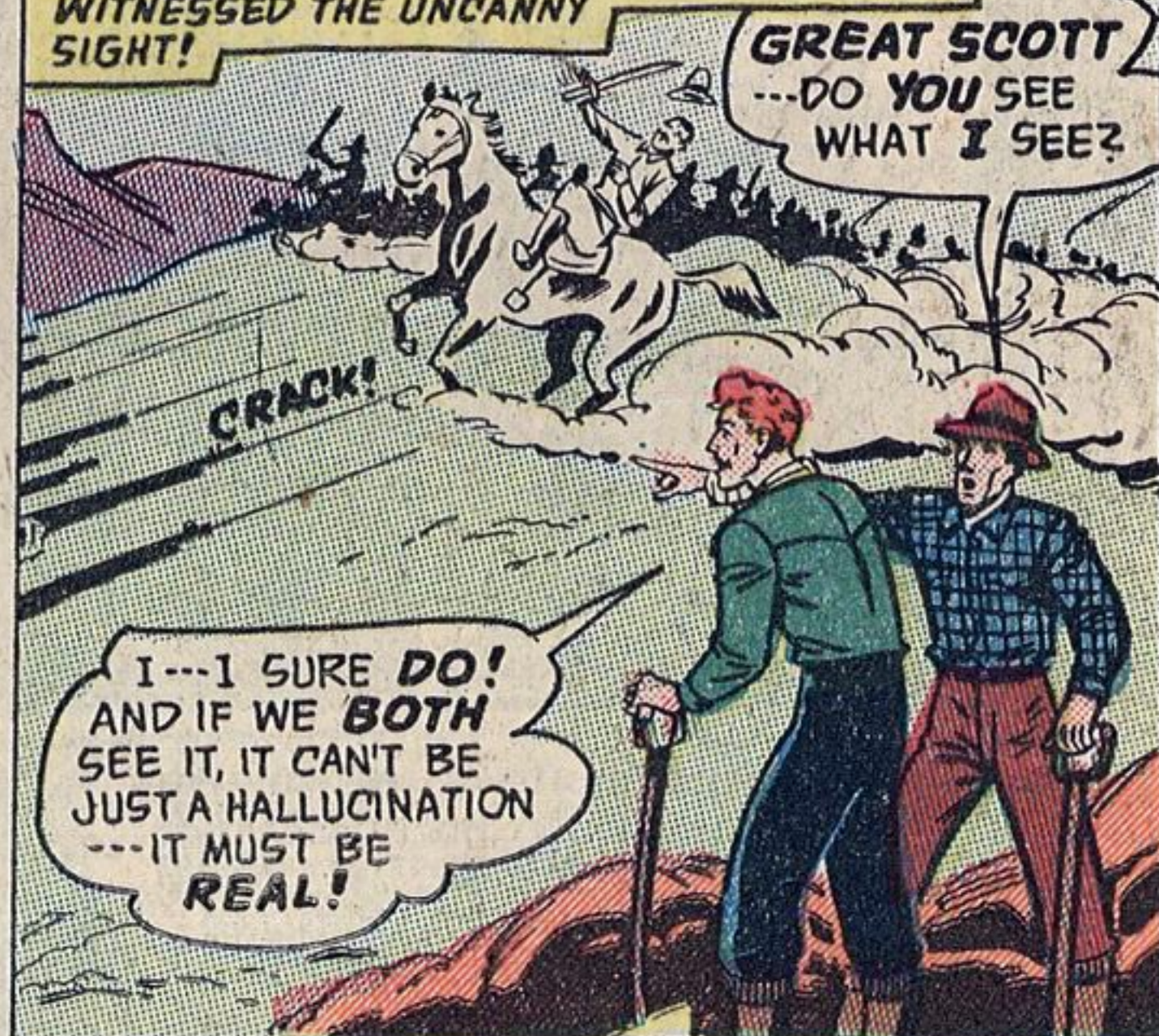
EXACTLY FIFTY YEARS LATER, ON FEBRUARY 23RD, 1897, TWO MEXICAN PEONS WORKING NEAR LA ANGOSTURA PASS WERE TERROR-STRICKEN AT THE SIGHT OF---



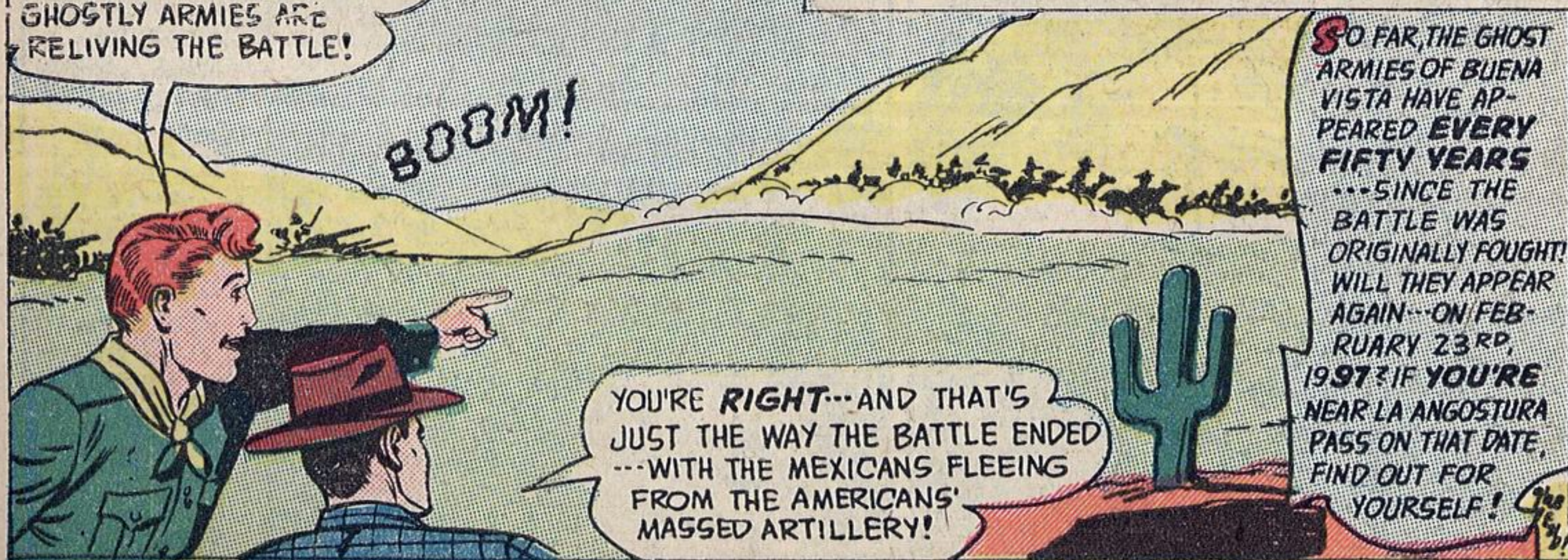
THEN, AS THE EERIE RUMBLE OF GHOSTLY ARTILLERY ECHOED OVER THE SIERRA MADRES---



NOTHING MORE WAS SEEN OF THE PHANTOM ARMIES UNTIL FEBRUARY 23RD, 1947---WHEN TWO AMERICAN PROSPECTORS IN THE AREA WITNESSED THE UNCANNY SIGHT!



WAIT, I GET IT--- THIS IS THE SITE OF THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA! THOSE GHOSTLY ARMIES ARE RELIVING THE BATTLE!



SO FAR, THE GHOST ARMIES OF BUENA VISTA HAVE APPEARED EVERY FIFTY YEARS ---SINCE THE BATTLE WAS ORIGINALLY FOUGHT! WILL THEY APPEAR AGAIN---ON FEBRUARY 23RD, 1997? IF YOU'RE NEAR LA ANGOSTURA PASS ON THAT DATE, FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF!



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CAP LIKE  
THIS?  
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COUPON  
OFFER  
BELOW

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a smart thing to leave around the house  
where Dad can see it. Get yours now.  
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COUPON OFFER!**



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For 50¢

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and Building Kit all for  
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3. Model R.R. Town Building Kit—Stores, etc.,  
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**TWO  
OFFERS  
CHECK  
ONE**





# The HAITIAN PUPPET

CUMMINGS' FACE WAS livid with rage as he pushed the Haitian puppet across the counter. For years he had been one of Dunston's best customers, usually paying more for an article than it was worth, because he couldn't deny himself anything he cherished. But for a long time he had been compelled to sell, obviously desperate for money, and Dunston, the art dealer, had been quick to take advantage.

"It's a deal, you miserable miser," said Cummings hoarsely. "I only hope it brings you as much bad luck as it's brought me. There's a legend attached to the puppet, something about a fatal curse and death and ruin..."

"Legends raise the selling price," replied Dunston, squinting through thick bifocals. "I've been in this business too long to be superstitious."

Cummings didn't even bother to count the money, so anxious was he to get away. Dunston watched him hurry into the street. A moment later, he heard the screech of tires, a shrill cry, and a loud thud. As a crowd gathered he rushed outside. Cummings had just been killed by an automobile.

"Guess his luck was ever worse *without* the puppet," he thought, smiling inwardly.

Business was extraordinarily brisk that afternoon, and he had no chance to examine the puppet again. After closing he took it into the rooms in back, which he used as living quarters. He ate his frugal supper rapidly, looking forward to the long evening with eager anticipation. It wasn't often such a great bargain came his way.

The puppet proved exceptional in every way, marvellously wrought from very hard wood, and the three crimson feathers atop the tiny head were obviously from a very rare bird species. But there was something strangely disquieting about the delicately curved lips on the puppet's face. They seemed to be smiling darkly, as if stirred by an inner intelligence.

Suddenly uncomfortable, Dunston took the puppet back into the darkened store, where marble goddesses and African masks huddled side by side in the shadows. Hurrying, he accidentally glanced against a native tribal drum, which emitted an eerie, hollow boom. Rapidly, and sweating slightly, he strode back into his living quarters, carefully locking all doors behind him.

He had been seated for only a few moments when he heard something fall. It occurred to him that he might have placed the puppet on a hook carelessly and that it had toppled to the floor. But unexpectedly, he was afraid.

Perhaps the accident that day had unsettled him. Nervously, he downed three sleeping pills and went to bed. But rest did not come. Somehow, he imagined all sorts of noises coming from within the store, faint noises as if a tiny stick were beating upon a drum.

It was nearly midnight when he became aware of another presence in the room. He listened breathlessly, staring fixedly into the gloom. "Wh-Who is it?" he asked, his voice trembling. All was silence.

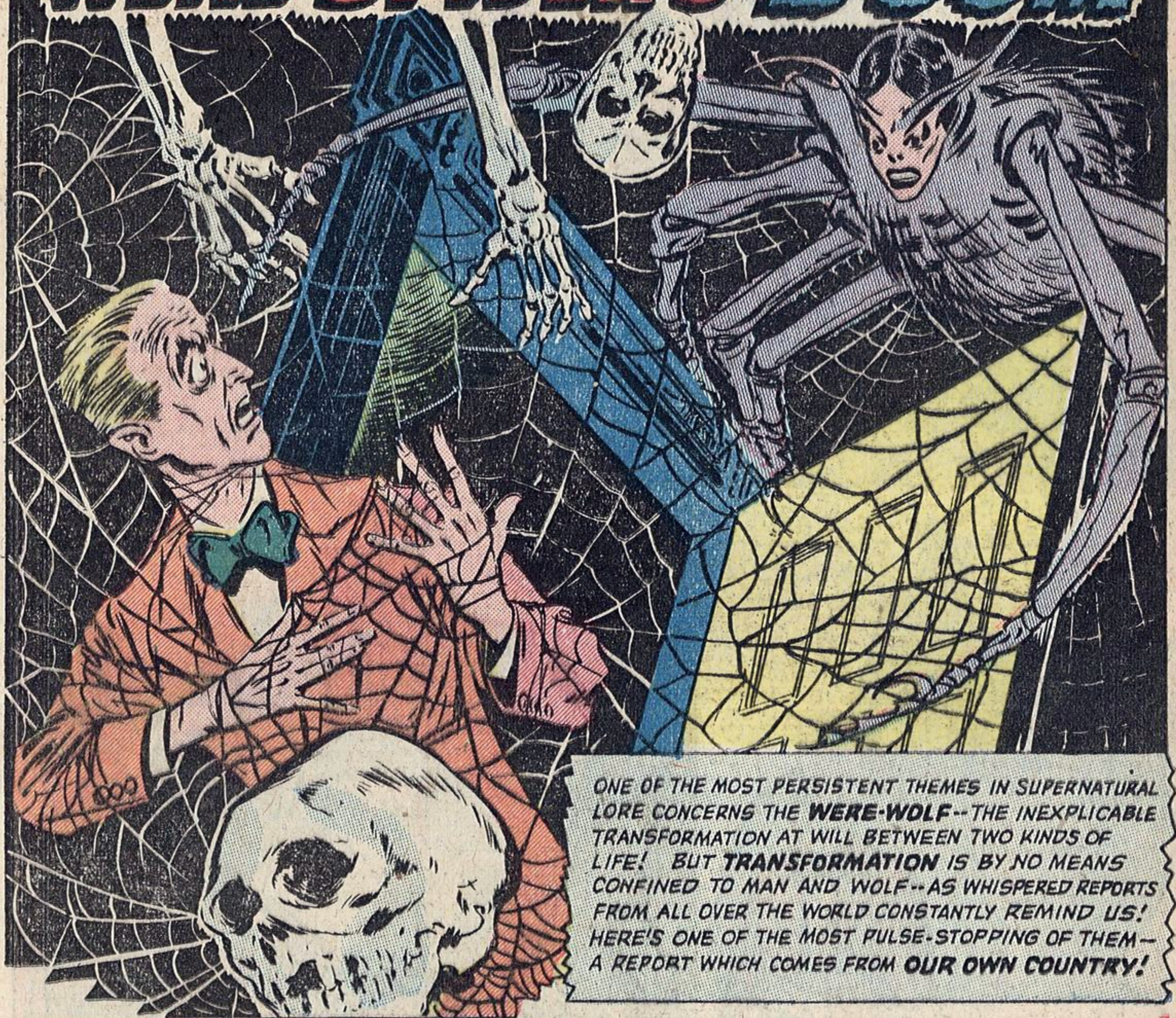
"Who is it?" he asked again, louder. Now he was certain that something was approaching, something small, something that seemed to be hovering close to the floor. Quickly, he struck a match.

The puppet was within feet of his bed, hanging loose-limbed as from invisible strings. Dunston let out a shattering shriek, just as the match flame burned his fingers and plunged everything in darkness. His heart was throbbing madly as he gasped for air. Then, something ghastly touched his face.

He died almost instantly of fright, though the coroner listed the death as resulting from a sudden heart attack. The newspaper obituaries noted that Dunston had been a miserly man, with grotesque habits, as was evidenced by the fact that he slept with a strange Haitian puppet on his pillow.



# WERE-SPIDER'S DOOM



ONE OF THE MOST PERSISTENT THEMES IN SUPERNATURAL LORE CONCERNS THE **WERE-WOLF**--THE INEXPLICABLE TRANSFORMATION AT WILL BETWEEN TWO KINDS OF LIFE! BUT **TRANSFORMATION** IS BY NO MEANS CONFINED TO MAN AND WOLF--AS WHISPERED REPORTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD CONSTANTLY REMIND US! HERE'S ONE OF THE MOST PULSE-STOPPING OF THEM--A REPORT WHICH COMES FROM **OUR OWN COUNTRY!**

DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS...

HELLO, THERE --- COULD YOU TELL ME HOW MUCH FURTHER IT IS TO THE TOP OF THIS MOUNTAIN? I'VE HEARD RUMORS ABOUT A LARGE SPECIES OF SPIDER UP HERE --- AND I'M ANXIOUS TO SECURE A SPECIMEN!

A BUG COLLECTOR, EH? WAL, YUH **MUST BE BUGS,** STRANGER, IF'N YUH WANT TUH GO TUH THE TOP O' **BALD MOUNTAIN!**

THE ONLY LIVIN' BODY YUH'LL FIND UP THAR IS THE **WIDOW BLACK!** TAKE MUH ADVICE, STRANGER --- TURN BACK --- 'CUZ THOSE THAT GO UP JEST DON'T COME DOWN AG'IN!

NONSENSE --- IF THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN IS SAFE ENOUGH FOR A **WOMAN,** IT'S SAFE ENOUGH FOR ME!





SOON AFTERWARDS...

HMMM-- IF *THAT'S* THE WIDOW BLACK, SHE CERTAINLY HASN'T BEEN A WIDOW VERY LONG! SHE'S YOUNG --- BEAUTIFUL!



YES --- I'M MRS. BLACK! WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME'S VESPID-- I'M AN ENTOMOLOGIST, INTERESTED IN TRACING DOWN A NEW SPECIES OF SPIDER THAT'S BEEN REPORTED IN THIS REGION! CAN YOU HELP ME?



WHY, YES --- WON'T YOU COME... *INSIDE?* I'M SOMETHING OF A COLLECTOR MYSELF!

-- SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY!



WHY DID YOU SAY THAT --- *WHY?*

ER... IT... IT WAS NOTHING BUT A JOKE! SORRY!

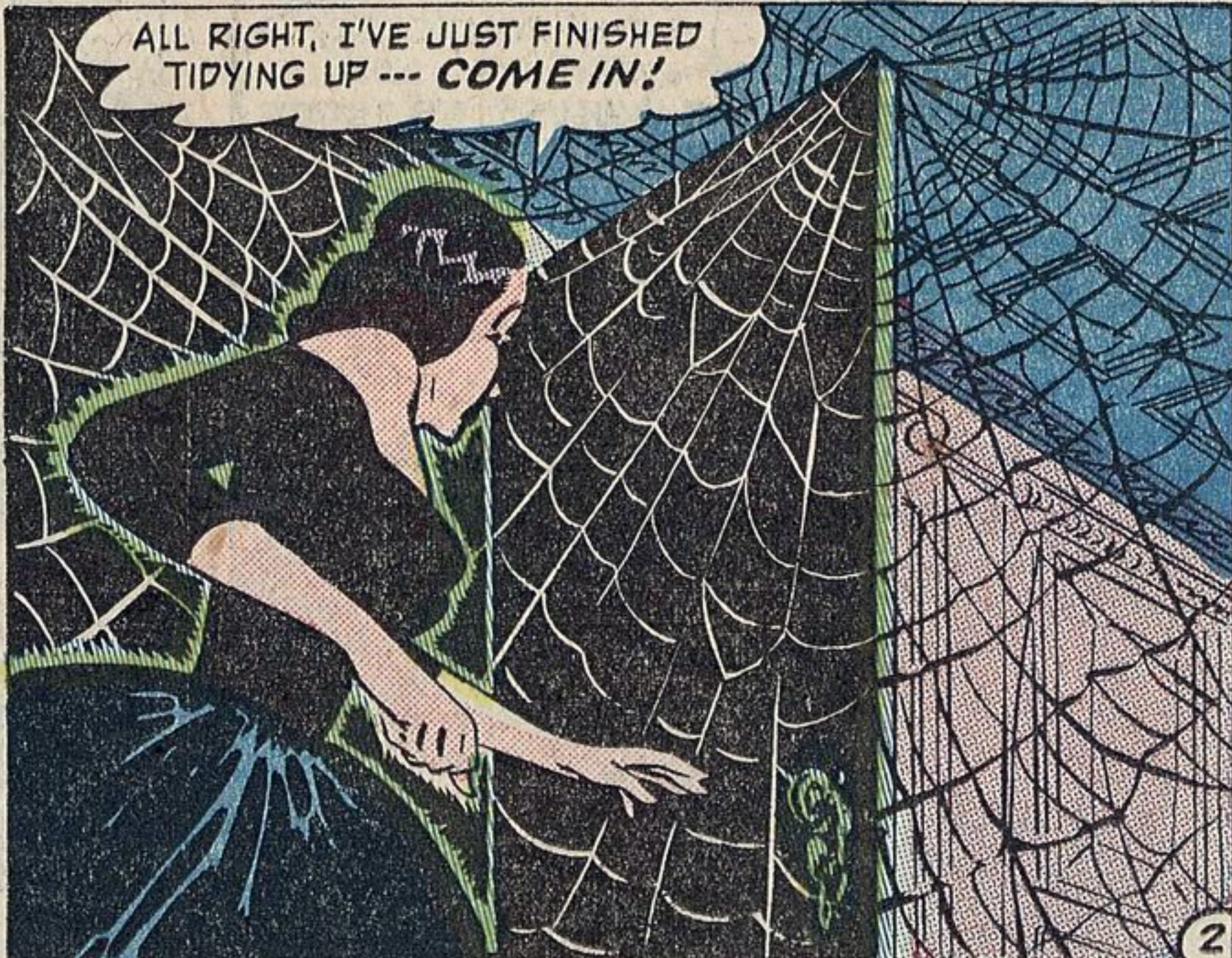


INSIDE THE COBWEB-SHROUDED ROOM ---

I KEEP MY SPECIMENS IN THE ROOM BEHIND THAT LOCKED DOOR! WAIT A MOMENT-- I'LL UNLOCK IT FOR YOU!



ALL RIGHT, I'VE JUST FINISHED TIDYING UP --- *COME IN!*







IT'S RATHER DARK  
IN HERE --- CAN'T SEE ---  
HELLO, WHAT'S  
**THIS?**



YE GODS! I... I'M  
ENMESHED IN SOME  
KIND OF ENORMOUS  
**SPIDER-WEB!**

YES --- **MY**  
**SPIDER-WEB!**



OF COURSE --- FROM THE  
WIDOW BLACK TO A  
**BLACK WIDOW!**  
AND NOW --- **YOU'RE**  
**TRAPPED!**

**YOU!** YOU'RE...  
**TRANSFORMED**  
... INTO A  
MONSTROUS  
**SPIDER!**



TRAPPED? PERHAPS --  
AND PERHAPS **NOT!**  
COME CLOSER, PRETTY  
ONE -- **CLOSER!**  
I HADN'T THOUGHT  
TO MEET YOU SO  
SOON! **HA-HA-HA!**

WHY ARE YOU  
**LAUGHING,**  
FOOL? DO YOU  
SEE THOSE  
HUMAN SKULLS  
ALL AROUND  
YOU? LAUGH--  
BUT IN A MOMENT  
YOU WILL BE  
AS THEY!



AS THEY? NEVER! UPON  
DEATH, WE-CREATURES  
ALWAYS RETURN TO  
THEIR INHUMAN  
STATE -- **RIGHT?**

Y-YES -- BUT HOW... HOW  
DID **YOU** KNOW THAT?



BECAUSE I HAPPEN TO  
BE A WERE-CREATURE  
MYSELF! **LOOK!**  
A... A **WASP!**  
THE SPIDER'S  
DEADLIEST  
NATURAL  
ENEMY!

**NO!**  
**NO!**

YES, PRETTY ONE, I'M MR. VESPID IN MY  
**HUMAN** FORM --- AND A MEMBER OF THE WASP  
SPECIES **VESPIDAE** IN MY WERE-CREATURE  
FORM! AND NOW-- YOU WILL FIND OUT JUST  
**HOW** DEADLY MY STINGER CAN BE!

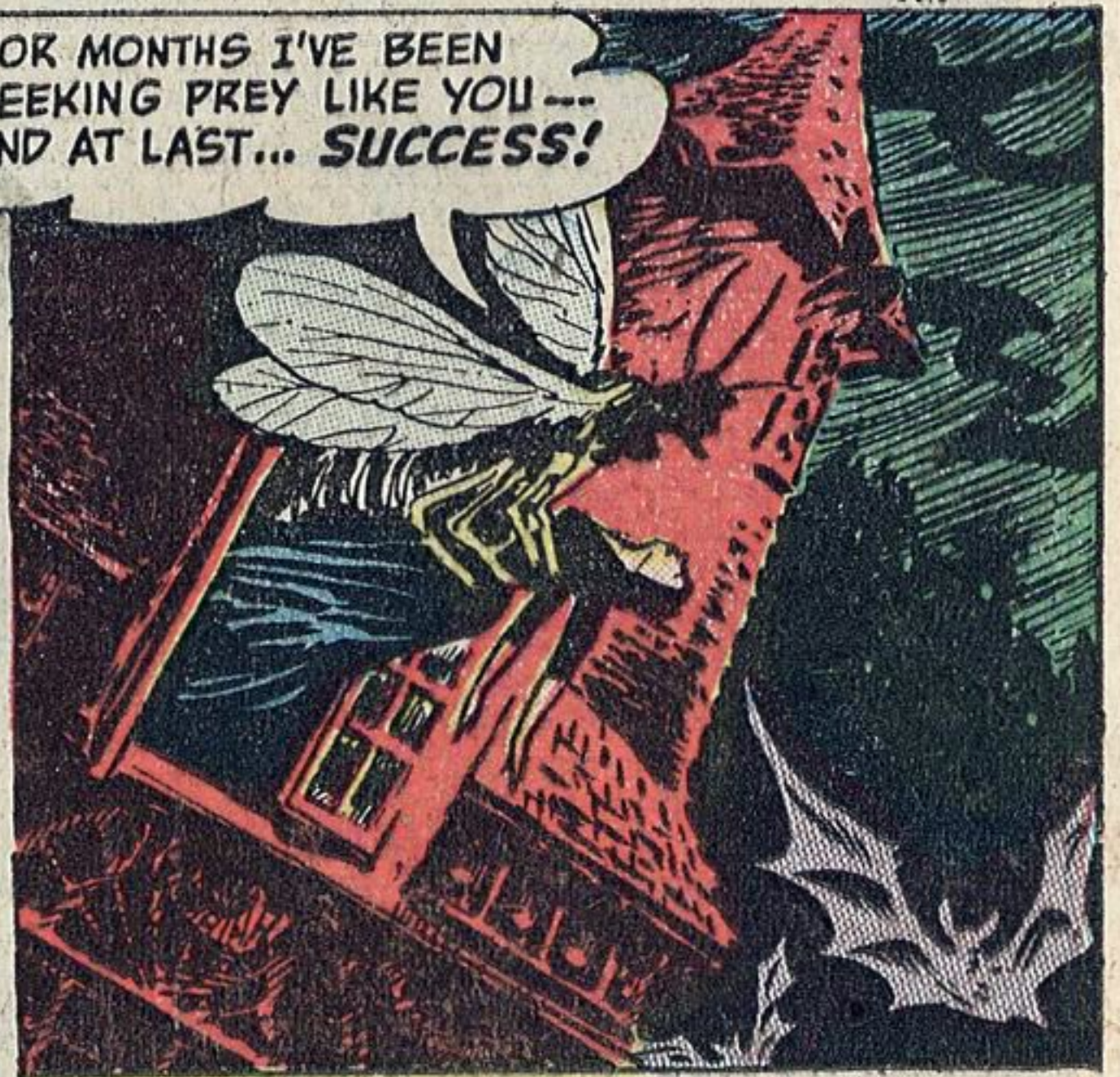
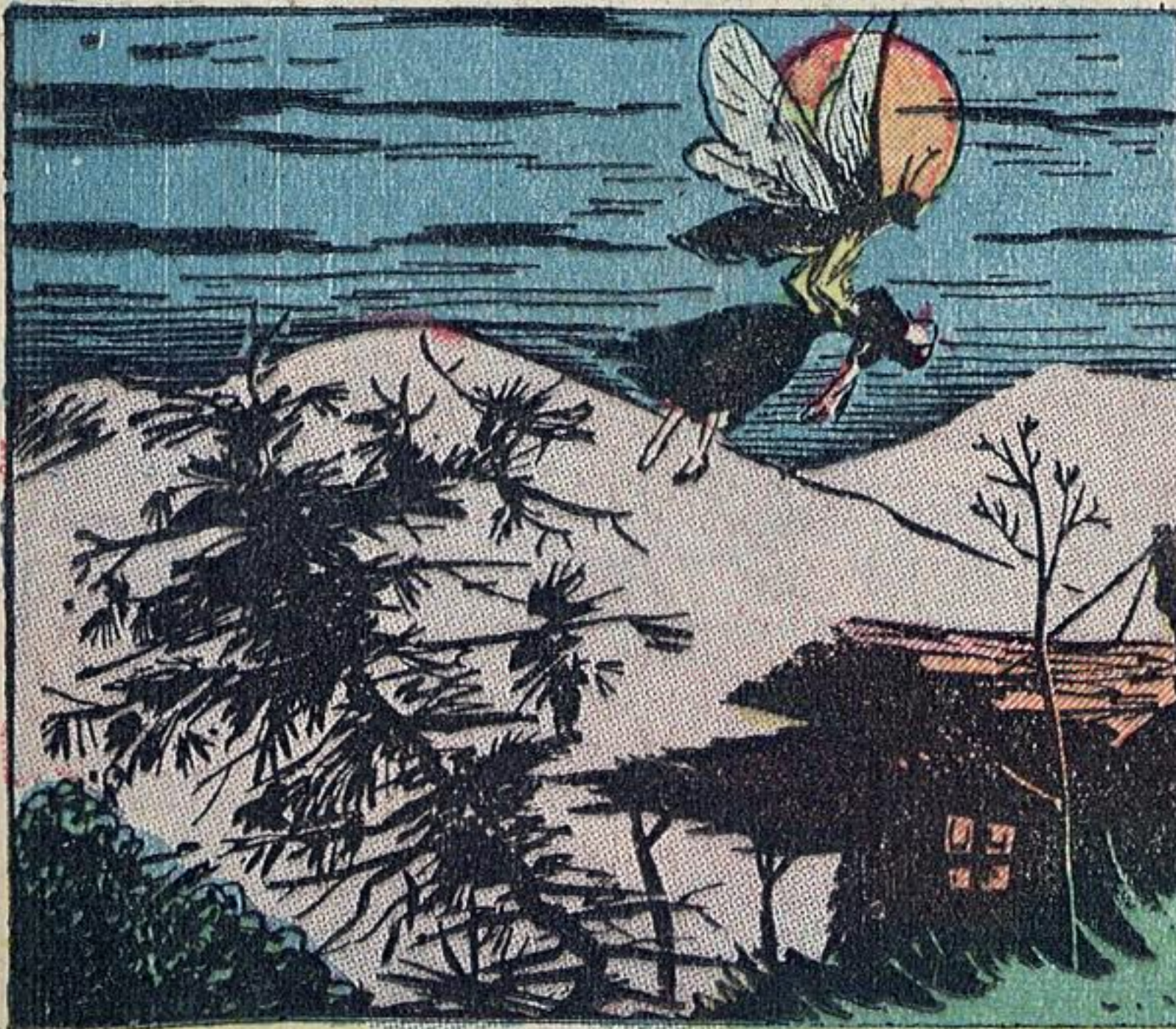
IN A LIGHTNING THRUST...

**OHHH!**

I... I CAN'T  
**MOVE!...**

OF COURSE NOT--- A WASP'S  
FORMIC ACID VENOM **PARALYZES**  
ITS ENEMIES! AND NOW-- TO  
CARRY YOU OFF TO MY  
RETREAT!

FOR MONTHS I'VE BEEN  
SEEKING PREY LIKE YOU ---  
AND AT LAST... **SUCCESS!**



HIC!--TIME  
I STOPPED  
DRINKIN' THIS  
BLASTED MOONSHINE---  
WHEN I START SEEIN'  
THINGS LIKE **THAT!**

**The  
END**



LATE ONE AFTERNOON-- TWO FIGURES MADE THEIR WAY ALONG A ROAD WINDING ACROSS A HUSHED AND FORBIDDING COUNTRYSIDE! BEHIND THEM ROSE AN ANCIENT CHURCH, STANDING LIKE A LONELY MOURNER OVER ITS UNTENDED GRAVES-- AHEAD, A HOUSE MANTLED BY IVY THAT RUSTLED IN THE TWILIGHT! AND SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND THE HOUSE-- SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LIFE AND UNHOLY DEATH-- WAS...

# The **TOMB** of the **UNSEEN**



IN A CHAMBER THAT SEEMED TO HARBOR THE SHADOWS OF THE COMING NIGHT--

STRANGE! CAN THAT BE SOMEONE AT THE DOOR--HERE?



GOOD EVENING! WE'RE IN TROUBLE.. MAY WE USE THE PHONE?

THE NEAREST PHONE IS MILES AWAY! BUT COME IN-- IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN HELP YOU?





I'M **JIM HARRIS**, AN INDUSTRIAL ENGINEER-- AND THIS IS **TRUDY JONES**, MY SECRETARY! WE'RE DRIVING TO A NEW FACTORY UP-STATE, BUT MY STEERING GEAR BROKE DOWN ABOUT A HALF-MILE FROM HERE-- NEAR AN OLD CHURCH!

YES, I KNOW THE SPOT WELL! AND I'M AFRAID YOU AND MISS JONES WILL HAVE HAD YOUR FILL OF IT BEFORE YOU'RE ABLE TO LEAVE HERE!



YOUR ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING HELP IS THE HIGHWAY MAINTENANCE TRUCK, WHICH WILL PASS THROUGH HERE ABOUT TWO DAYS FROM NOW! MEANWHILE, THE HOUSE HAS SEVERAL UNUSED ROOMS-- AND IF YOU AREN'T THE NERVOUS TYPES, I'D BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU STAY HERE!



GUESS YOU CAN COUNT ON A COUPLE OF GUESTS! JUST WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE'D BE ANY MORE NERVOUS THAN-- **YOU**, FOR EXAMPLE?

MY NAME IS **BRAXTON**-- AND I'M AN ARCHITECT WITH A LONG INTEREST IN THINGS THAT ARE OLD AND UNUSUAL! I FIND MYSELF AT HOME WITH LEGENDS-- AND THE THINGS THAT ARE SAID TO GROW OUT OF LEGENDS!



ARE THERE ANY LEGENDS ABOUT **THIS** DISTRICT, MR. **BRAXTON**-- MAYBE EXPLAINING WHY NO ONE LIVES HERE?

THERE **IS** A QUAINST STORY, YOUNG LADY-- AND IT DEALS WITH THE **TOMB OF THE UNSEEN!**

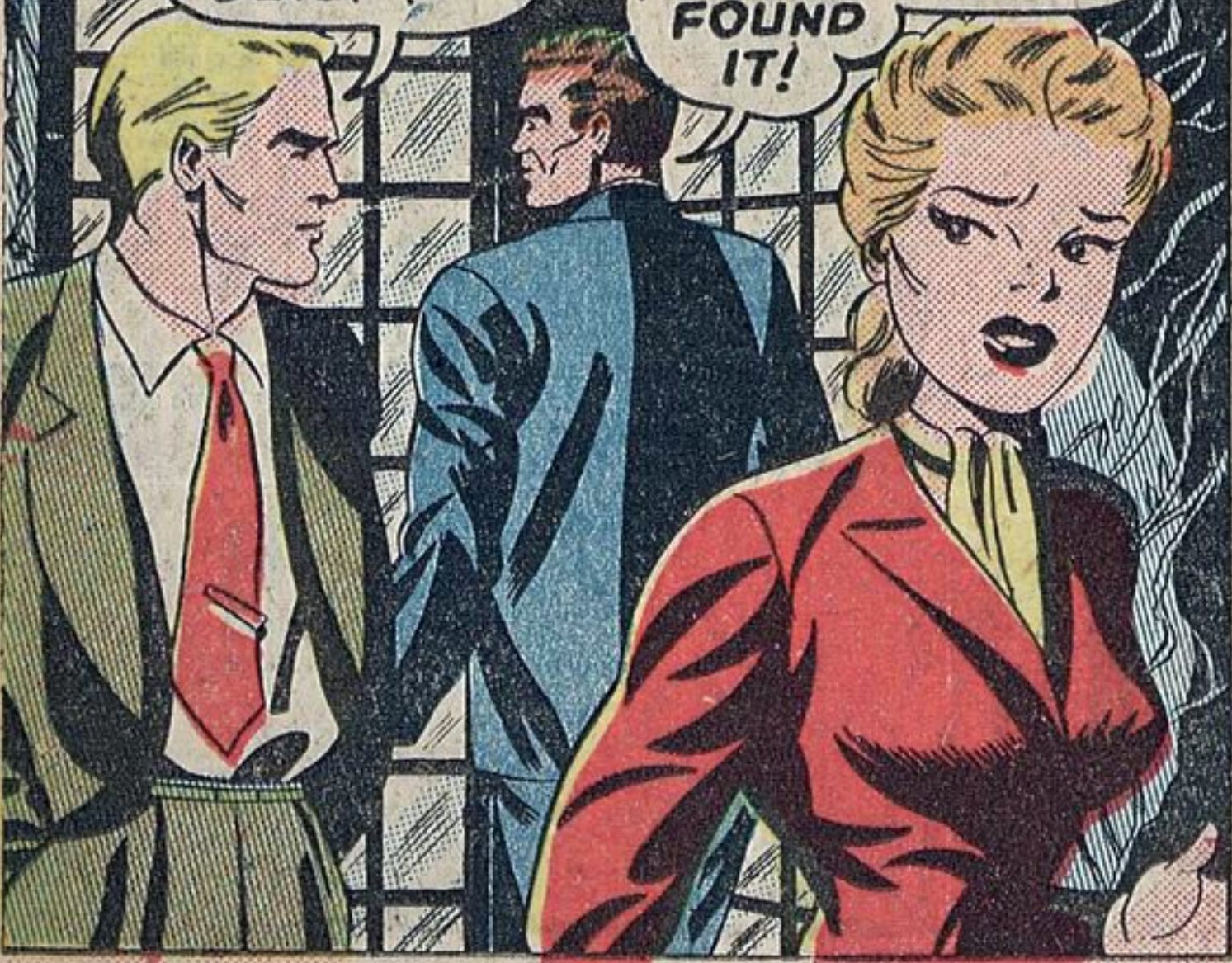


THE DEAD ARE SAID TO PACE THAT ROAD-- LED BY THE **UNSEEN**-- A BEING WITH NEITHER FACE NOR FORM! AND AWAITING THEM AT THE CHURCH IS THE GHOST OF AN OLD VICAR-- **WHO HAUNTS THE EMPTY GRAVE-YARD!**



VERY INTERESTING, **BRAXTON**! BUT WHERE DOES THE **TOMB OF THE UNSEEN** FIT INTO THIS GRISLY SETUP?

THAT WOULD BE VERY DIFFICULT TO SAY! YOU SEE -- **NO ONE HAS EVER FOUND IT!**



AN HOUR LATER-- WITH THE MOONLIGHT LIKE A MISTY VEIL--

I WOULDN'T TAKE THAT STORY TOO SERIOUSLY, HONEY! **BRAXTON** SPENDS A LOT OF TIME BY HIMSELF-- AND IT'S POSSIBLE HE DREAMED UP THE WHOLE THING!

**JIM-- LOOK!** IF THERE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANY PEOPLE AROUND HERE-- WHO ARE **THEY?**





THEY WOULD ANSWER.. IF THEY HAD VOICES.. OR LIFE! BUT WITH A PALLORED AND A PLODDING THAT BEAR THE STAMP OF DEATH --



GOOD HEAVENS.. THEY'RE NOT PEOPLE!

THEY'RE CORPSES, JIM-- WALKING CORPSES! DO SOMETHING.. CALL BRAXTON!

HE'S NOT THERE, TRUDY! I SAW HIM JUST A SECOND AGO.. BUT HE'S GONE!



NOW I CAN SEE WHAT'S BEHIND BRAXTON'S CASUAL MANNER! HE'D GO INSANE IF HE ADMITTED HIS TERROR-- BUT WHEN THEY APPEAR.. HE RUSHES SOMEWHERE TO HIDE!

IN THAT CASE-- I'M A FAR LESS NERVOUS TYPE THAN HE! LET'S GET TO THE BOTTOM OF WHAT BRAXTON CALLS A LEGEND, TRUDY-- LET'S HURRY TO THE CHURCH-YARD AHEAD OF THOSE CREEPS!



JIM-- I HOPE WE'RE NOT GOING TO REGRET THIS! THERE THEY COME!

YEP.. THAT'S WHAT I'M WONDERING ABOUT! WHY WOULD THE UNDEAD BE INTERESTED IN WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE AN EMPTY GRAVEYARD?



A MOMENT LATER--

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, HONEY -- I'M PRETTY SURE THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE WATCHING THEM!

BUT I'VE GOT THE AWFUL FEELING SOMETHING ELSE IS WATCHING THEM-- AND THAT IT'S CLOSE TO US!

SUDDENLY-- CURDLING THE DARK-NESS WITH A BLOTCH OF HORROR--

YE GODS, TRUDY-- GET BACK!



OHH! IT'S THAT HIDEOUS PHANTOM BRAXTON DESCRIBED -- THE UNSEEN!

HAA! FULL WELL YOU KNOW ME -- AND FULL WELL I KNOW WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE!





AS THE DREAD SHAPE REARS HIGHER ABOVE THE TOMBSTONES--

YOU SEEK MY RESTING PLACE-- THE TOMB OF THE UNSEEN! BUT DO YOU THINK THE LIVING CAN FIND IT-- WHEN AN AVENGING GHOST HAS FAILED?



A DAZZLING FLASH-- AND THE DEFILED AIR HOLDS NOTHING BUT THE PHANTOM'S MOCKING TERROR--



HAA! HA!  
HAAA!

GOOD HEAVENS! NOW THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF EITHER THE UNDEAD OR THAT GHASTLY ZOMBIE-- THEY'VE VANISHED!

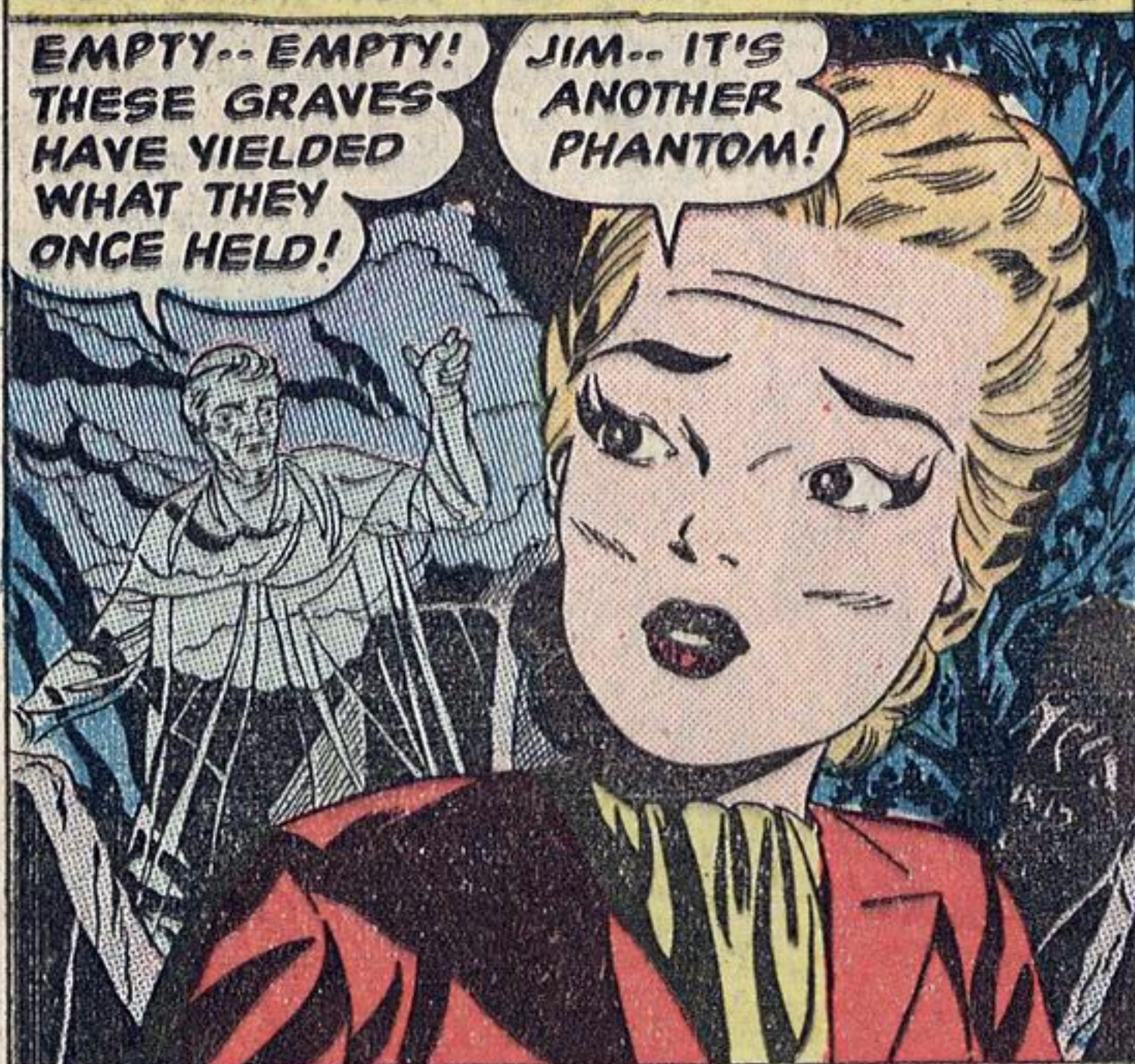
THOSE SUNKEN GRAVES SEEM UNDISTURBED-- THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE UNOCCUPIED-- BUT I WONDER!



THEN-- WITH A VOICE SOFT AS MUTED FOOTFALLS--

EMPTY-- EMPTY! THESE GRAVES HAVE YIELDED WHAT THEY ONCE HELD!

JIM-- IT'S ANOTHER PHANTOM!



THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF THIS TIME, TRUDY-- IT'S THE GHOSTLY VICAR BRAXTON MENTIONED!

BUT WHAT'S IT DOING HERE? IF THERE'S NOTHING IN THESE GRAVES-- WHY SHOULD THE CHURCHYARD BE HAUNTED?



THERE IS WHERE MY SPIRIT WISHES TO BE-- INSIDE THE CHURCH IN WHICH I PREACHED-- UNTIL MY DEATH A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! BUT I MUST DENY MYSELF ETERNAL PEACE-- UNTIL I FIND THE TOMB OF THE UNSEEN! THAT IS MY FATE-- BECAUSE THE DEAD WHO ONCE RESTED BENEATH THESE STONES WERE DOOMED BY ME!



BUT HOW? SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED-- BUT WHY ARE YOU TAKING THE BLAME?

BECAUSE-- ONCE A ZOMBIE FEIGNS DEATH, AND IS ENTOMBED IN A HALLOWED SPOT-- THE BURIED ONES BELONG TO HIM! IF I HAD BEEN MORE VIGILANT, I WOULD HAVE DETECTED HIS EVIL PRESENCE-- I WOULD HAVE SAVED THE DEAD-- AND DESTROYED THE FIEND BY THE POWER OF THE HOLY WORD!





BUT THE ZOMBIE'S PHANTOM WAS HERE TONIGHT! COULDN'T YOU HAVE FOLLOWED IT TO THE SECRET TOMB?

THE WAY IS BARRED, EVEN TO ME-- BY THE FLASH OF EVIL INTO WHICH THEY VANISH! AND EVEN IF I FIND THE TOMB-- THE HOLY WORD MUST BE USED AGAINST A NAME-- AND WHO CAN NAME THE UNSEEN?



THESE ANCIENT GRAVES CAN BE NO REFUGE FOR THEM--NOW THAT THE CHURCHYARD HAS BEEN EXORCIZED FOR EVIL SPIRITS! BUT SOMEWHERE THEY LURK-- STILL IN HALLOWED GROUND-- PRO-FANED BY THE TOMB OF THE UNSEEN!

THE GHOST IS LEAVING US, JIM-- IT'S STARTING TO FADE!



A MOMENT LATER--

WE MIGHT AS WELL RETURN TO BRAXTON'S PLACE, TRUDY! NO USE WAKING HIM UP AT THIS HOUR-- BUT IN THE MORNING I'M GOING TO TAKE A STAB AT HIS REASON FOR HIDING! SUPPOSE DURING HIS RESEARCH HE STUMBLED UPON A GHASTLY SECRET-- THE LOCATION OF THE HALLOWED GROUND THAT SHELTERS THE TOMB OF THE UNSEEN!



NEXT DAY--

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF ACKNOWLEDGING THIS HORROR, BRAXTON-- YOU ACTUALLY LIVE WITH IT! WHY DON'T YOU UN-BURDEN YOURSELF -- AND TELL ME

WHAT YOU KNOW?

YOU WOULD NOT LIKE TO SHARE WHAT I KNOW, MY FRIEND! YOU CALL IT HORROR-- AND THAT SHOULD TELL YOU IT IS BEST LEFT ALONE!



HE'S RIGHT, JIM! WHY MEDDLE WITH EVIL?

JUST STUBBORN CURIOSITY, HONEY-- A HABIT I FORMED DOING RESEARCH WORK!

AH, YES-- I FORGOT YOU'RE AN ENGINEER, HARRIS! PERHAPS THAT EXPLAINS YOUR SPECIAL INTEREST IN THE TOMB OF THE UNSEEN!

COULD BE! BUT JUST TO GET AWAY FROM THIS CREEPY BUSINESS FOR A WHILE, BRAXTON-- MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE MY EQUIPMENT!

UNEXPECTEDLY-- AS JIM OPENS HIS EQUIPMENT KIT--

GOOD HEAVENS, JIM-- WHAT'S CAUSING THAT EERIE GLOW?

MY GOSH-- I DON'T KNOW! IT CAN'T BE ANYTHING IN THE BAG-- BECAUSE NONE OF THAT STUFF IS PHOSPHORESCENT!





PERHAPS IT'S AN INDICATION OF AN **EVIL PRESENCE!** PERHAPS IT'S **THE UNSEEN**-- WATCHING US.. AND LETTING US **KNOW** IT'S WATCHING!

GOOD LORD-- IT **CAN'T** BE THAT! SURELY **YOU** CAN GIVE US A MORE **SCIEN-TIFIC** EXPLANATION, **HARRIS!**

NO, BRAXTON, I **CAN'T!** AND I WON'T COPE WITH ANYTHING THAT KEEPS TRUDY IN A STATE OF TERROR! WE MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE-- AND TAKE A CHANCE WITH THAT FAULTY STEERING MECHANISM!

THAT'S JUST AS WELL, **HARRIS**-- BUT I HOPE YOU CAN COUNT ON YOUR BRAKES! YOU'VE GOT NEARLY TWELVE MILES OF CONTINU-AL DOWNGRADES BEFORE YOU REACH THE NEAREST VILLAGE!

AN HOUR LATER-- WITH BATS DARTING THROUGH THE SMUDGED SUNSET--

I CAN'T HELP WISHING WE COULD HAVE DONE **SOMETHING** TO HELP THE VICAR'S REST-LESS SPIRIT, TRUDY!

SO DO I.. BUT BRAXTON WAS RIGHT! WE WERE UP AGAINST HOR-ROR-- SOMETHING NO SANE PERSON WOULD TRY TO PROBE!



ALL WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT NOW ARE THESE DOWNHILL CURVES! ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN MAN-AGE, JIM?

IT'LL BE RUGGED-- BUT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO HOLD THE ROAD AS LONG AS I KEEP MY FOOT ON THE BRAKE!



A SECOND LATER-- RINGING WILDLY TRIUMPHANT AGAINST THE DARKENING HILLS--



JIM-- I'VE HEARD THAT HIDEOUS LAUGH BEFORE-- IT'S THE UNSEEN!

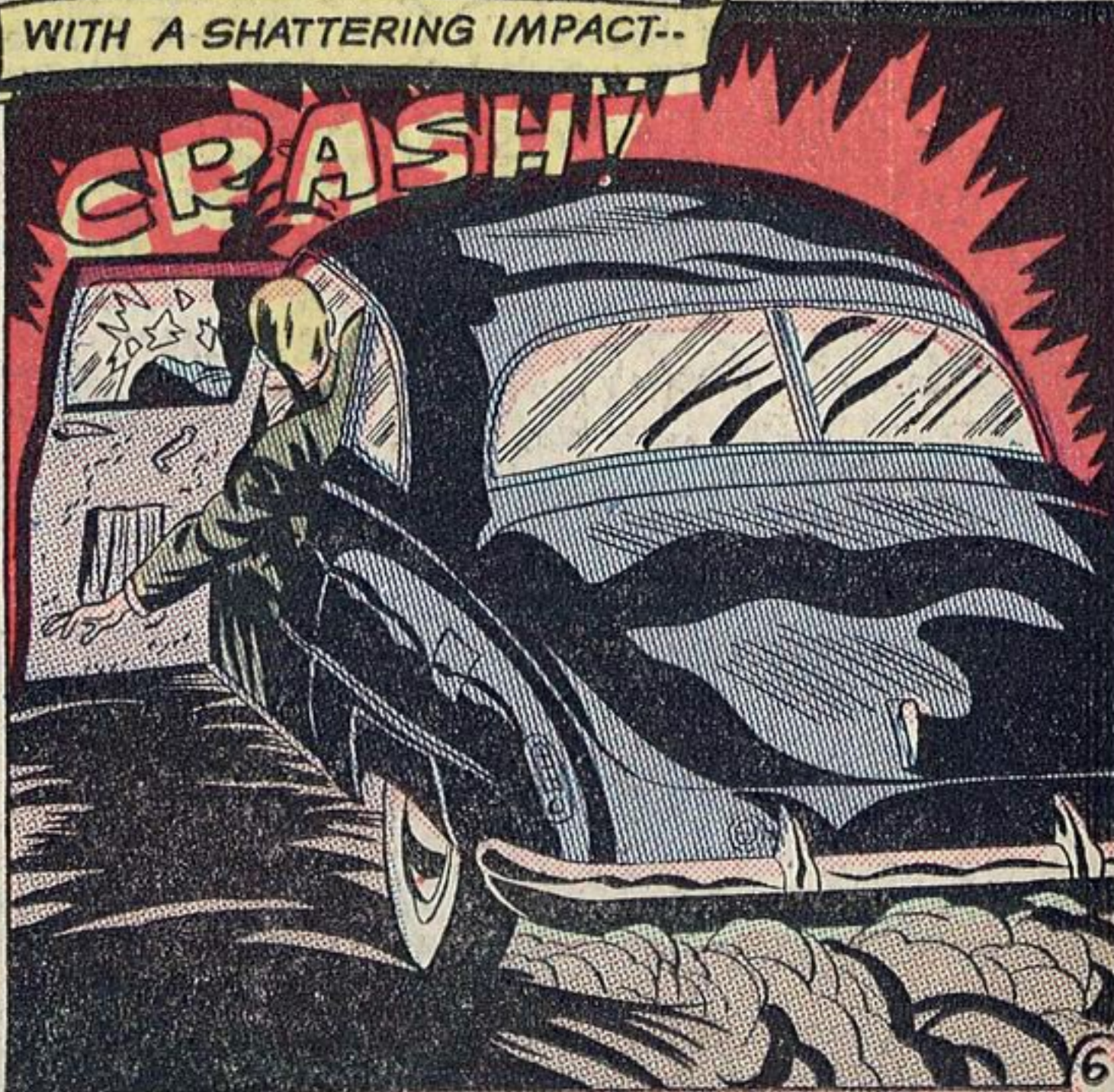
YE GODS-- LET GO! MY FOOT'S SLIPPED-- WE'RE PICKING UP SPEED!

THEN--

TRUDY-- JUMP!



WITH A SHATTERING IMPACT--





WHEN JIM REVIVES--

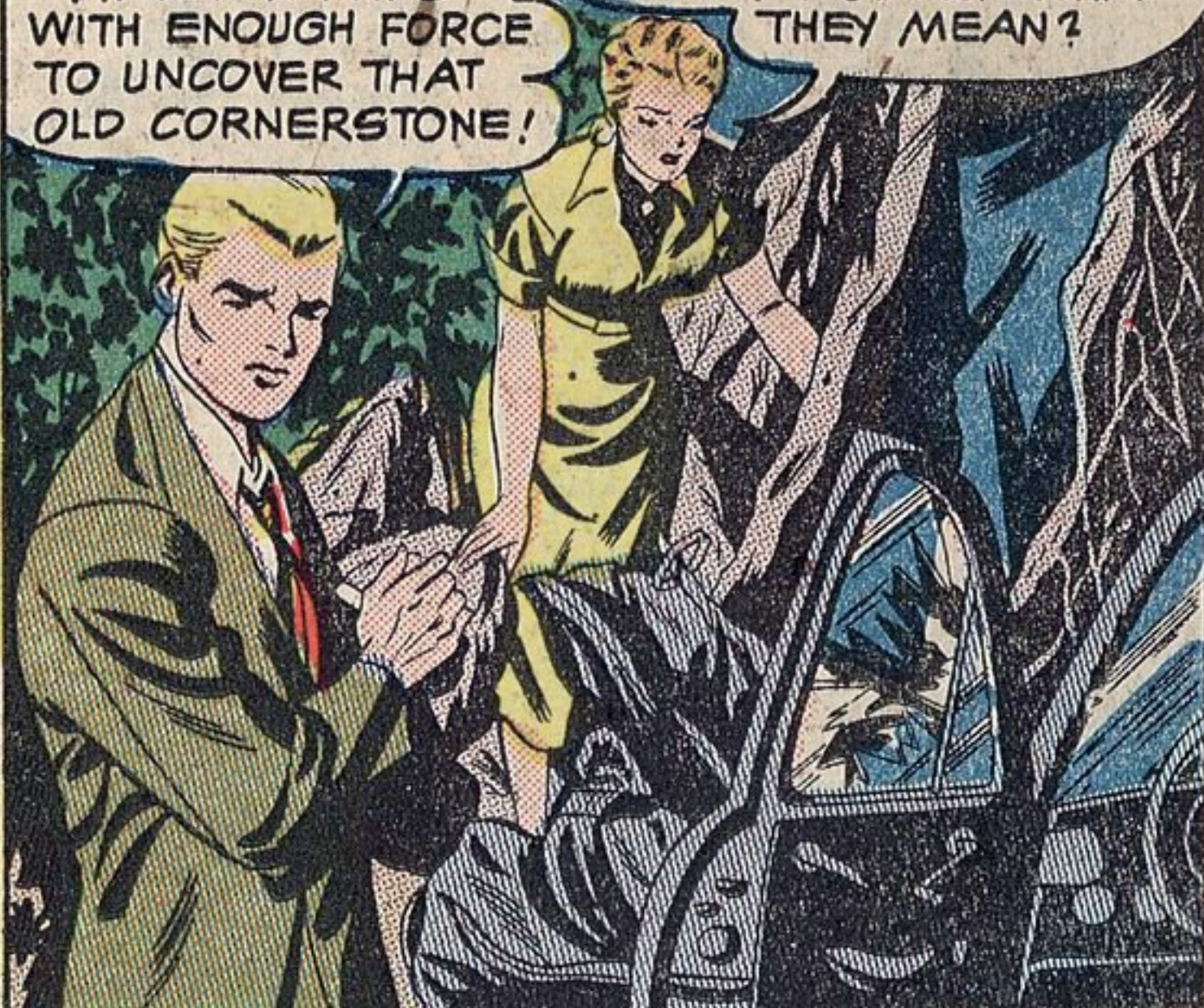
GREAT GUNS-- IT'S COMPLETELY DARK! I MUST HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OUT FOR A GOOD HALF HOUR!

YOU HAD ME WORRIED, DARLING! BUT I COULDN'T RETURN TO BRAXTON'S FOR HELP-- LEAVING YOU DAZED AND ALONE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS!



GUESS THE CAR'S CONKED OUT FOR GOOD -- AFTER HITTING WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO UNCOVER THAT OLD CORNERSTONE!

THERE SEEM TO BE FAINT LETTERS CARVED ON IT! WONDER WHAT THEY MEAN?



MEDIEVAL CHURCH BUILDERS ALWAYS INSCRIBED THEIR NAMES! CAN YOU MAKE IT OUT?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT-- IT'S BRAXTON!

THAT MAKES ONE THING CLEAR IN THIS ODD BUSINESS! NO WONDER BRAXTON'S INTERESTED IN HISTORICAL ARCHITECTURE -- WHEN IT'S OBVIOUS THAT ONE OF HIS ANCESTORS BUILT THIS ANCIENT CHURCH!

YEP-- THAT'S THE LIKELIEST EXPLANATION! ON THE OTHER HAND-- THERE MAY BE ANOTHER REASON!

I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO BRAXTON'S.. BUT I WON'T PARTICULARLY MIND! THE NAME ON THE CORNERSTONE WILL GIVE US SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT-- INSTEAD OF CONCENTRATING ON THE TOMB OF THE UN-SEEN!

GOOD THING MY SUITCASE WASN'T DAMAGED-- I'VE JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING!



JIM HARRIS.. WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT CALCIUM SULPHIDE?

JUST REACHING FOR AN IDEA-- ABOUT THAT WEIRD GLOW WE NOTICED AT BRAXTON'S! MAYBE WE WILL GO BACK, LATER.. BUT RIGHT NOW, WE'RE WAITING!



AS THE DARKNESS DEEPENS-- AND A MUFFLED STIRRING COMES FROM SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE CHURCH-- LIKE THE SHUFFLE OF HIDDEN FOOTSTEPS--

LOOK-- SOMETHING'S GOING INTO THE CHURCH!

I FIGURED THERE WOULD BE! YOU WANT TO WAIT HERE, TRUDY-- OR SHALL WE FOLLOW THAT THING TOGETHER?







I'M SCARED-- BUT I KNOW THERE'S NOTHING EVIL ABOUT THE VICAR'S GHOST!

THIS ISN'T THE VICAR, TRUDY! HOW CAN IT BE-- WHEN HIS GHOST NEVER ENTERS THE CHURCH?



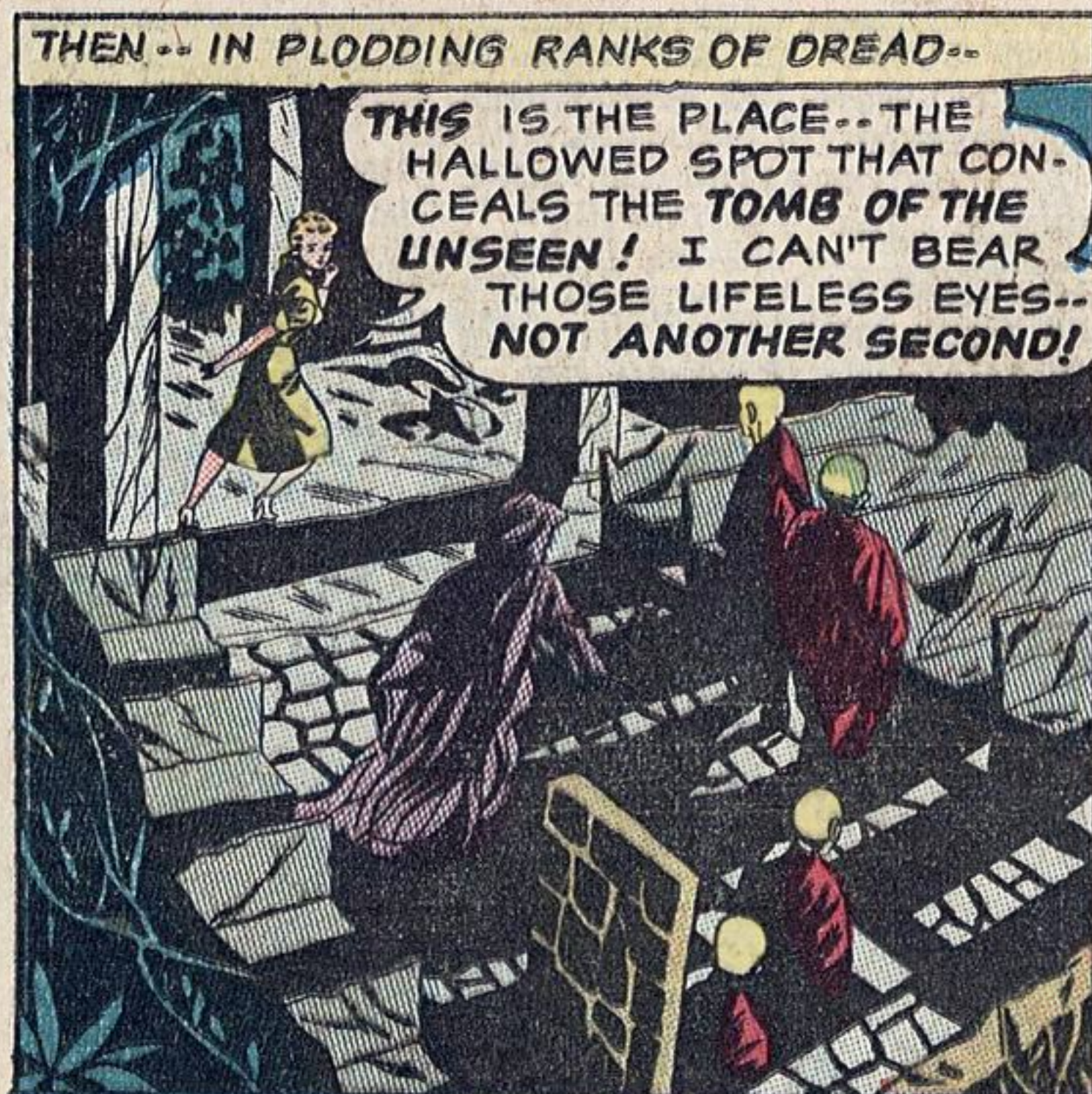
GOOD HEAVENS -- IT... IT'S THE UN-SEEN!

SHH! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T LEARN THAT CREEP'S SECRET-- ONCE AND FOR ALL!

AS AN EVIL INCANTATION DRONES THROUGH THE ANCIENT ARCHES--



RISE, RISE FROM HALLOWED GROUND! LET YOUR UNDEAD FOOTSTEPS SOUND!



THEN-- IN PLODDING RANKS OF DREAD--

THIS IS THE PLACE-- THE HALLOWED SPOT THAT CONCEALS THE TOMB OF THE UNSEEN! I CAN'T BEAR THOSE LIFELESS EYES-- NOT ANOTHER SECOND!



THEY'RE AFTER US! AND WITHOUT A CAR-- IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD!

SOMETHING DARK IS MOVING AMONG THE TOMBSTONES-- AND THIS TIME I'M SURE IT'S THE VICAR'S GHOST!



YOU CAN WARD OFF THOSE THINGS! FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN-- HELP US!

THEY HAVE BEEN THERE ALL THESE YEARS-- INSIDE MY CHURCH-- THE VERY SPOT I VOWED NEVER TO APPROACH! I HAVE FOUND THE TOMB OF THE UNSEEN-- BUT THE HOLY WORD CANNOT DESTROY A FIEND THAT REMAINS UNNAMED!



I'VE LEARNED ONE THING-- CALCIUM SULPHIDE GLOWS IN THE PRESENCE OF A SUPERNATURAL BODY! AND WHEN A SEALED BOX CAN PRODUCE A DEFINITE REACTION-- SOMETHING'S BOUND TO HAPPEN WHEN THE UNSEEN COMES INTO CONTACT WITH THE CHEMICAL ITSELF!



A SILVERY SPRAY GLINTS IN THE MOONLIGHT-- AND AS THE UNDEAD STOP SHORT--

YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER FORM, UNSEEN-- A BODILY SHAPE YOU'VE GOT TO ASSUME--TO ESCAPE THIS!



THE GHOSTLY OUTLINE QUIVERS WITH A SPASM OF LIFE-- AND THE BLACK VOID BECOMES A FACE.. BLIGHTED BY EVIL!

UNDEAD... UNDEAD... DON'T-- LET THEM--



THERE IT IS..THE DEMON WHO BUILT THE CHURCH CENTURIES AGO-- TO PROVIDE ITSELF WITH A HIDING-PLACE! DO YOU RECOGNIZE IT-- CAN YOU NAME IT?

ECCE SIGNUM DOMINI-- EXORCIZO TE--



BY THE SIGN OF THE LORD, I EXORCIZE YOU-- BRAXTON!

AAAGHHH!



IN THE NEXT SECOND--

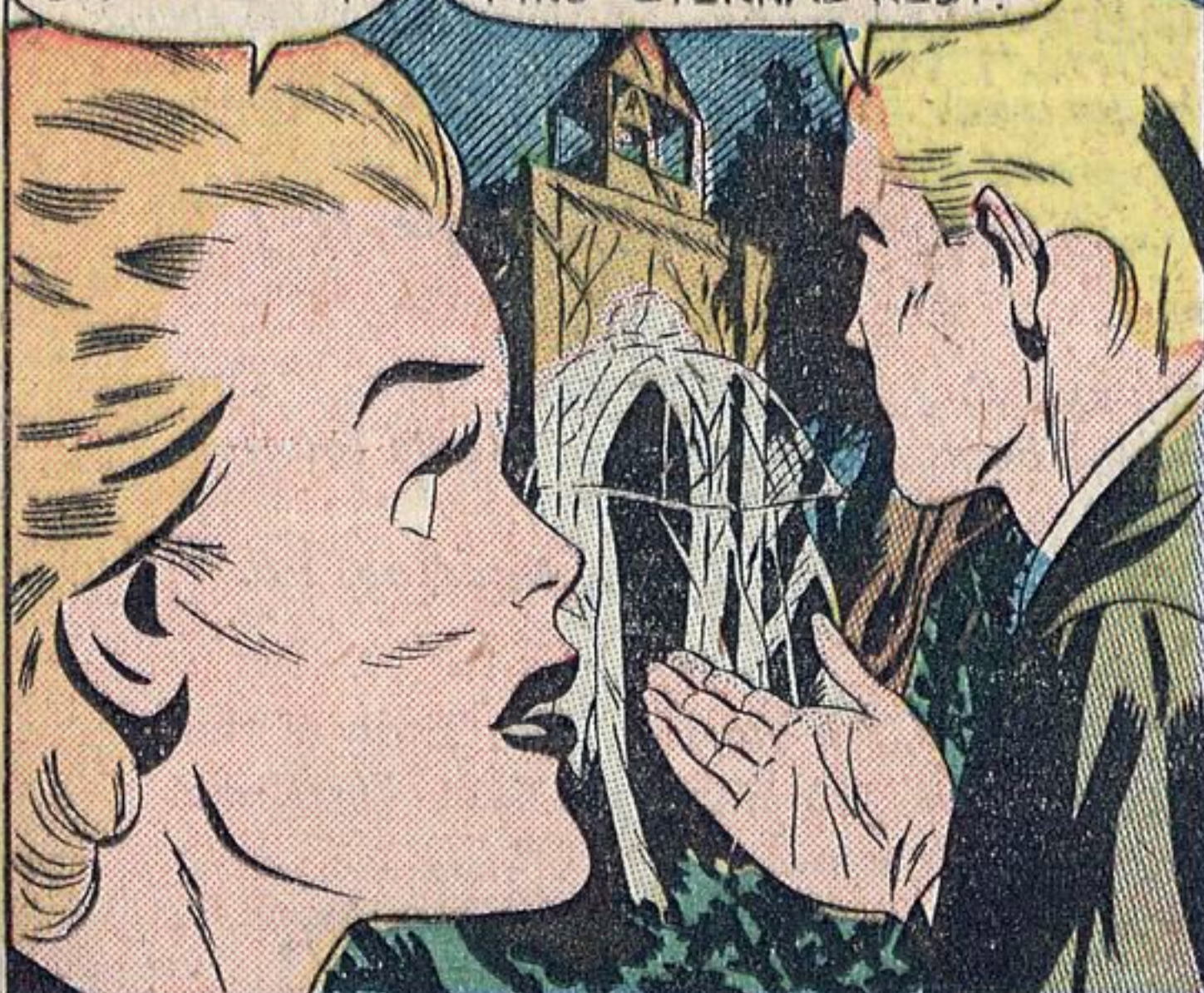
THE GRAVES..THEY'RE QUIVERING AND HEAVING ALL AROUND US! JIM-- I'M AFRAID!

RAISE YOUR HEAD, MY DAUGHTER--THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR! THE UNDEAD ARE FREE--THEY ARE RETURNING FOREVER TO HALLOWED GROUND!



LOOK, JIM-- THE VICAR'S GHOST IS STARTING TO DISAPPEAR!

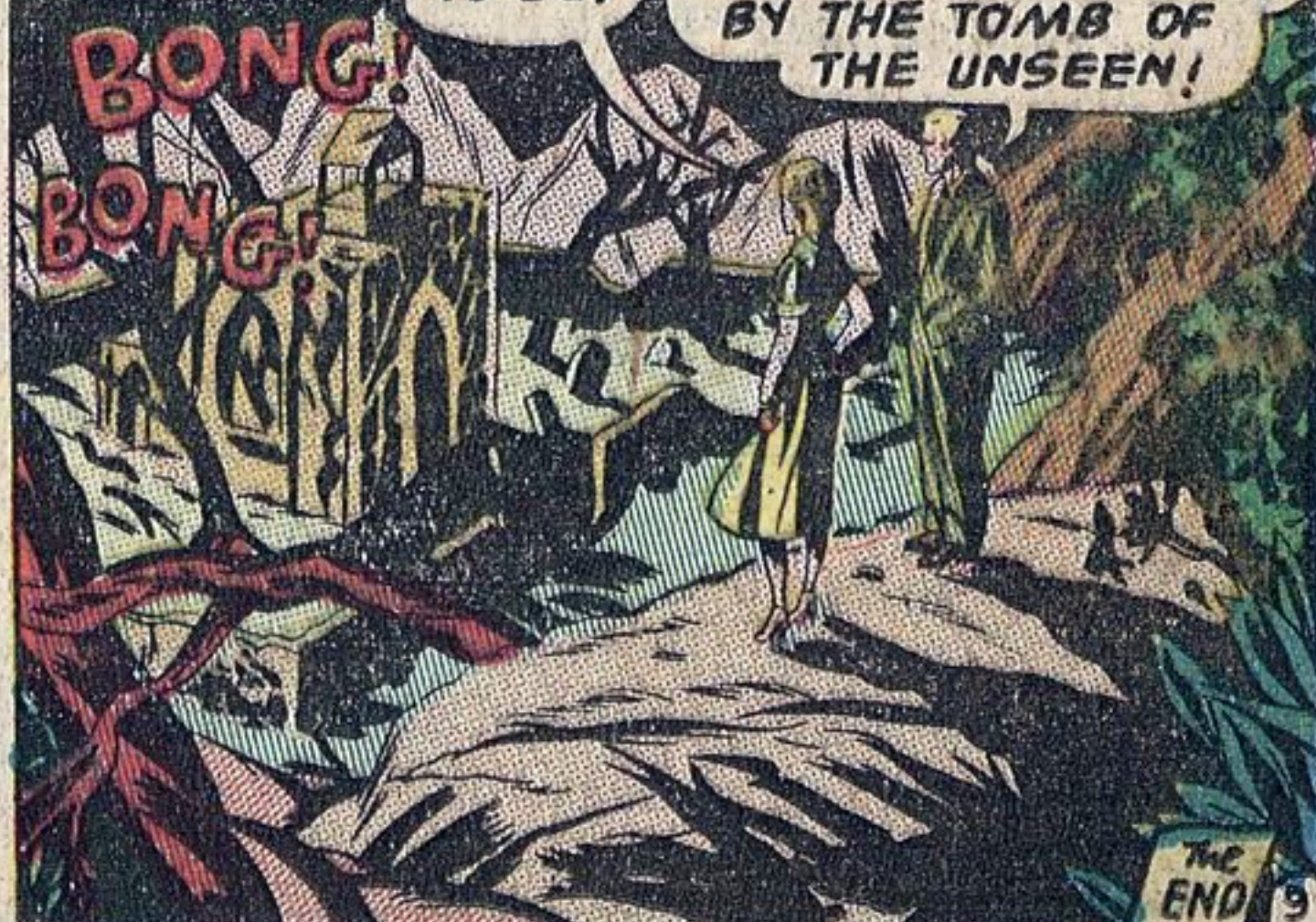
IT TOOK FORM FOR ONLY ONE PURPOSE, HONEY! NOW THE LONG VIGIL IS ENDED-- AND IT CAN FIND ETERNAL REST!



A MOMENT LATER-- SOUNDING OVER THE PEACEFUL CHURCHYARD AND THE NIGHT-BOUND HILLS BEYOND--

THE CHURCH BELL! THE VICAR'S SPIRIT IS BACK, JIM-- WHERE IT WANTED TO BE!

AND DOING WHAT IT WANTED TO DO--TOLLING FOR BRAXTON'S SOUL-- OVER THE EMPTY VAULT NO LONGER CURSED BY THE TOMB OF THE UNSEEN!





# From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

**A** NOTHER MONTH...AND another meeting of the fastest-growing readers' club in American publishing history! It's the club of which you're all charter members...the loyal fans and staunch supporters of that great and eerie magazine of the supernatural, "Forbidden Worlds"!

We, the Editors, are the directors of this far-flung organization, which numbers its adherents in countless thousands from coast to coast...throughout every state and in every nation of the globe where English is spoken. For truly, "Forbidden Worlds" is international and worldwide in its scope, gaining enthusiastic fans wherever the weird challenge of the *Unknown* awakens echoes of fascinating excitement in the hearts of truly imaginative readers. And ours, we feel, is a tremendous responsibility. Upon us falls the duty of bringing to our vast legion of readers exactly that type of thrilling entertainment which they demand from such a publication as ours. That means high quality stories, tense and fast-paced...supernatural yarns which explore the depths of that dark, strange and mysterious land which lies beyond the borders of life itself. It means superb illustration which makes our plots come alive. These are the things we pledge to you...

*"Dear Editor:-*

*'Forbidden Worlds' contains the most fascinating stories I've ever read. I've gone through lots of comics, but never one as truly great as this! I love your 'true' stories as well as your fictional. Keep them coming...I can't get enough!*

*--Mrs. Harold Copeland, So. Jacksonville, Fla."*

*"Dear Editor:-*

*I've read my first copy of 'Forbidden Worlds'...and from now on, I'm never going to miss a single one! I went overboard for such fine stories as 'The Merman Menace' and 'Tomb of Terror'. Keep up the grand work!*

*--Robert Simpson, Allendale, N. J."*

*"Dear Editor:-*

*I enjoy 'Forbidden Worlds' more than any other comic I've ever seen. 'The Magic Coin' is my choice from this wonderful book. Believe me, I'll be looking forward to other issues, which I know will be as good.*

*--L. K., Reading, Pa."*

*"Dear Editor:-*

*I think 'Forbidden Worlds' is wonderful! I go for stories like 'Lair of the Vampire', 'Domain of the Doomed' and 'Giants on the Earth'. They thrill me through and through, and you can bet I'll be back for more!*

*--M. Blondeau, Kesbey, Sask."*

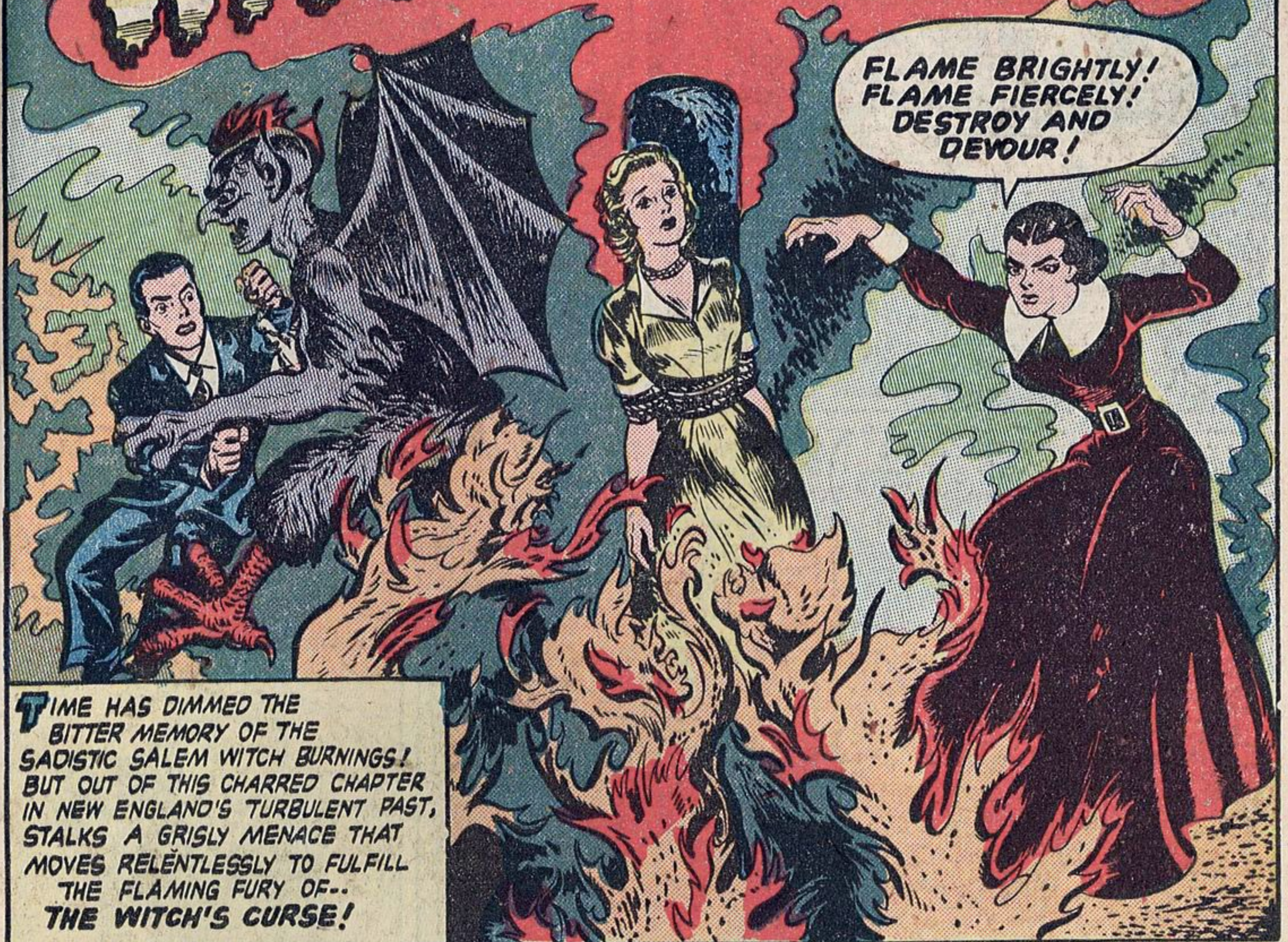
the things which you can expect and demand. As members of our organization, you possess a virtual voting power which can produce exactly the type of magazine which you desire. Your votes find expression through your letters, and knowing what you want in the pages of this magazine will automatically produce it.

This current issue, for example, has arisen out of the preferences which you, the readers, have expressed. That's why we think you'll go all-out for "The Chest of Death", one of the eeriest and most thrilling stories to come our way in months. "Were-Spider's Doom" should also hit the target squarely for spine-tingling action. Then, there's "The Tomb of the Unseen", which packs many a gasp. Finally, you'll love "The Witch's Curse", a chilling and suspenseful tale of the supernatural which you won't soon forget.

We'd like word from you on what you think of this issue...which stories you liked best...what you'd like to see in future numbers. Address your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. And if you'd like to know what some of our other readers are saying, here goes!



# the WITCH'S CURSE



**T**IME HAS DIMMED THE BITTER MEMORY OF THE SADISTIC SALEM WITCH BURNINGS! BUT OUT OF THIS CHARRED CHAPTER IN NEW ENGLAND'S TURBULENT PAST, STALKS A GRISLY MENACE THAT MOVES RELENTLESSLY TO FULFILL THE FLAMING FURY OF--  
**THE WITCH'S CURSE!**

**ON A HONEYMOON TRIP THROUGH NEW ENGLAND--**

WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE WITCH BURNINGS THAT TOOK PLACE IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY, I GET THE SHUDDERS!

THAT HAPPENED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, ELLEN! IT'S ALL IN THE PAST!



CHEER UP, HONEY! WE'RE PRACTICALLY AT THE HOUSE!

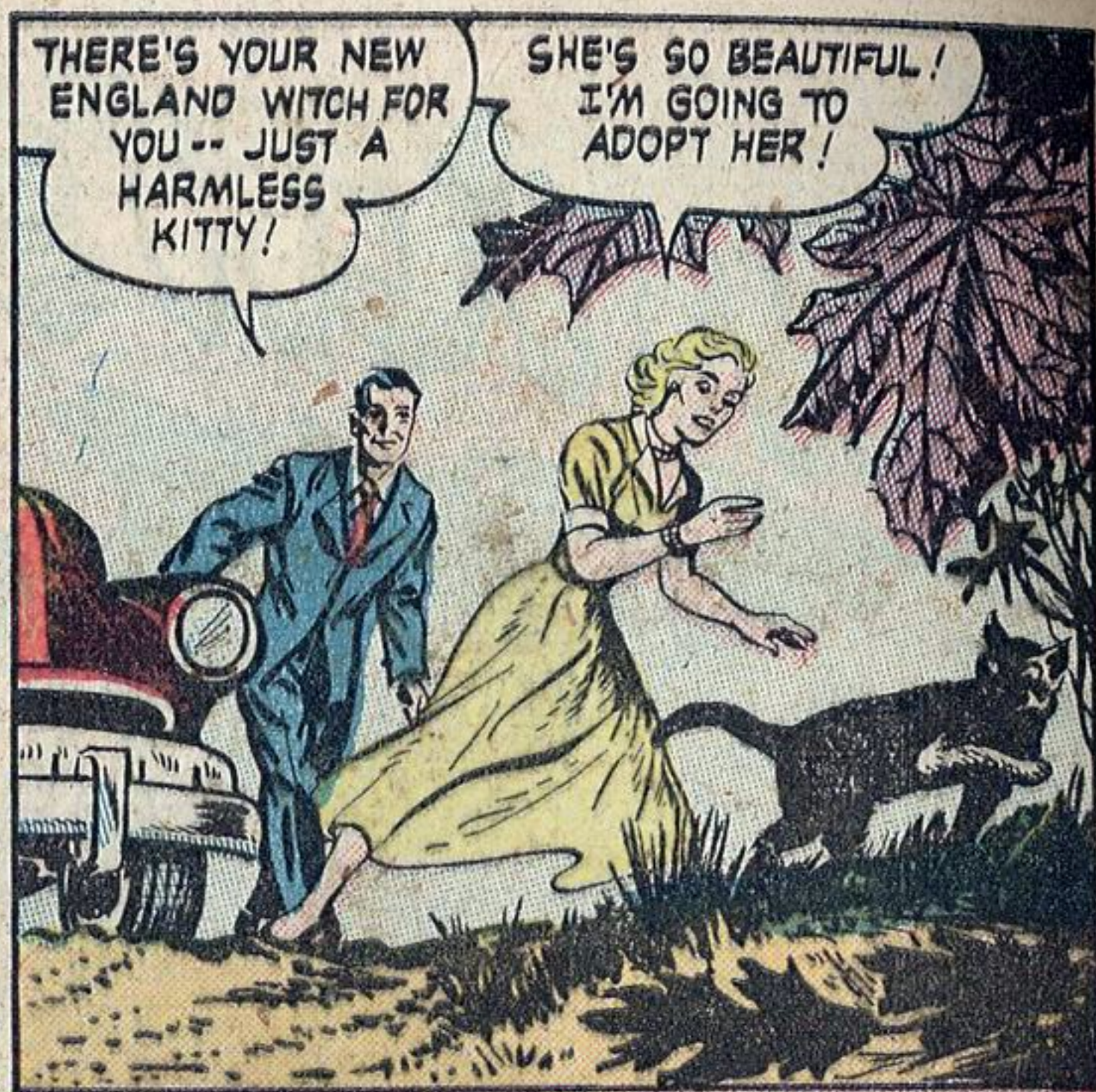
CURT--  
LOOK!

**GREAT GUNS!**  
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE SHADOW OF A--  
**WITCH!**

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE--  
**STOP THE CAR!**







**S**UDDENLY, AS THE THICKET LEADS INTO A CLEARING--

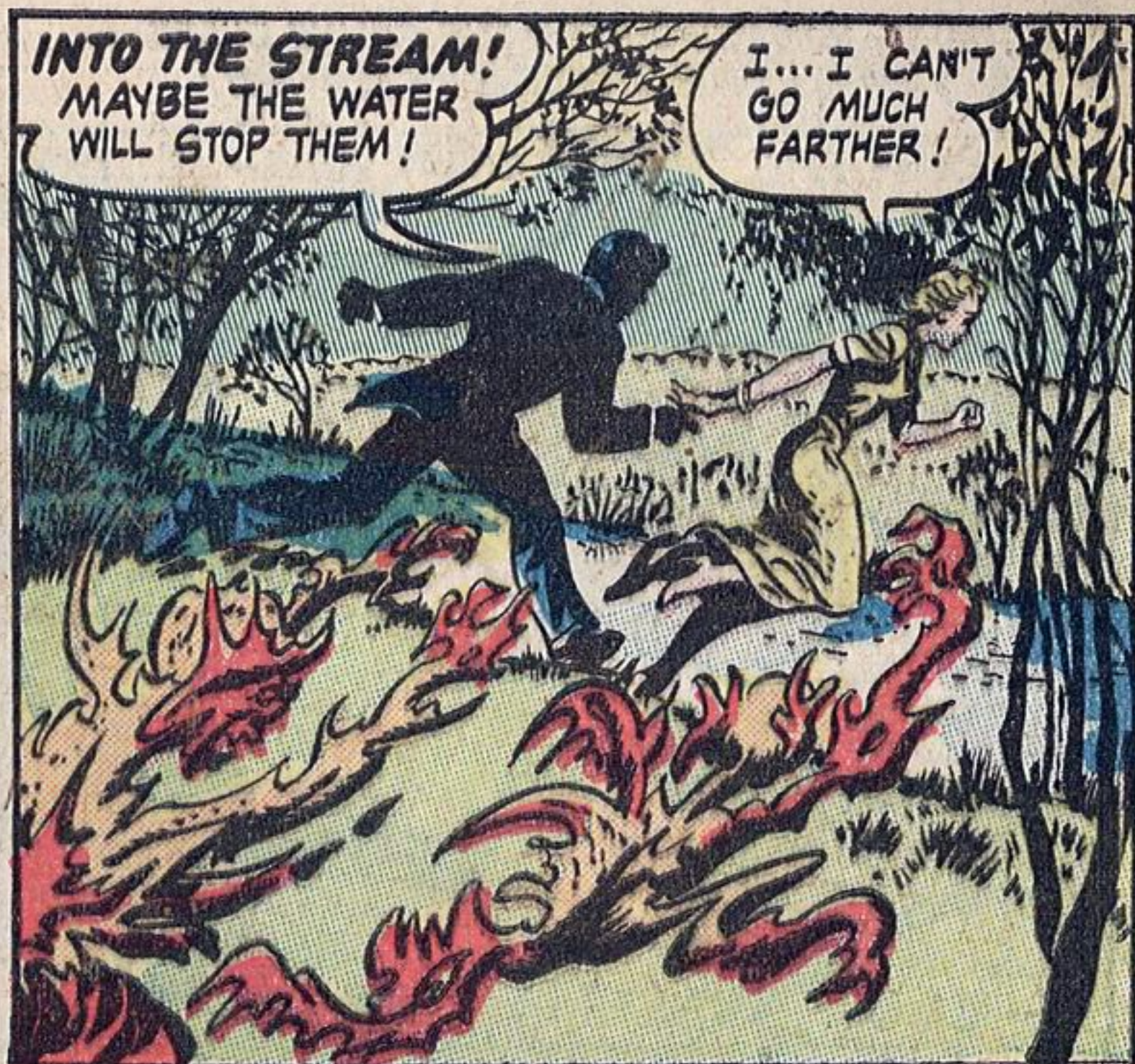






RUN, ELLEN--  
RUN!

SWIFTLY-- DON'T  
LET THEM GET  
AWAY!



INTO THE STREAM!  
MAYBE THE WATER  
WILL STOP THEM!

I... I CAN'T  
GO MUCH  
FARTHER!



LOOK-- THEY'RE NOT  
FOLLOWING! THEY  
CAN'T CROSS  
THE WATER!

YES, AND NOW--  
THEY'RE SINKING  
BACK INTO THE  
GROUND!



WHAT WERE THOSE  
AWFUL CREATURES,  
CURT? WHERE  
DID THEY  
COME FROM?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I HAVE A  
HUNCH THEY'RE CONNECTED WITH  
THE OLD WITCH BURNINGS! AH,  
THERE'S OUR HOUSE!



WELL, HERE WE  
ARE! I'LL GET A  
FIRE GOING  
SO WE'LL  
DRY OFF!

THAT'S STRANGE!  
HERE'S THE CAT  
AGAIN!

MEOW-W!



NICE KITTY-- I'M GLAD  
YOU'RE SAFE, TOO! I'LL  
GET YOU SOME MILK!



WHAT'S THE MATTER,  
KITTY? AREN'T YOU  
HUNGRY?

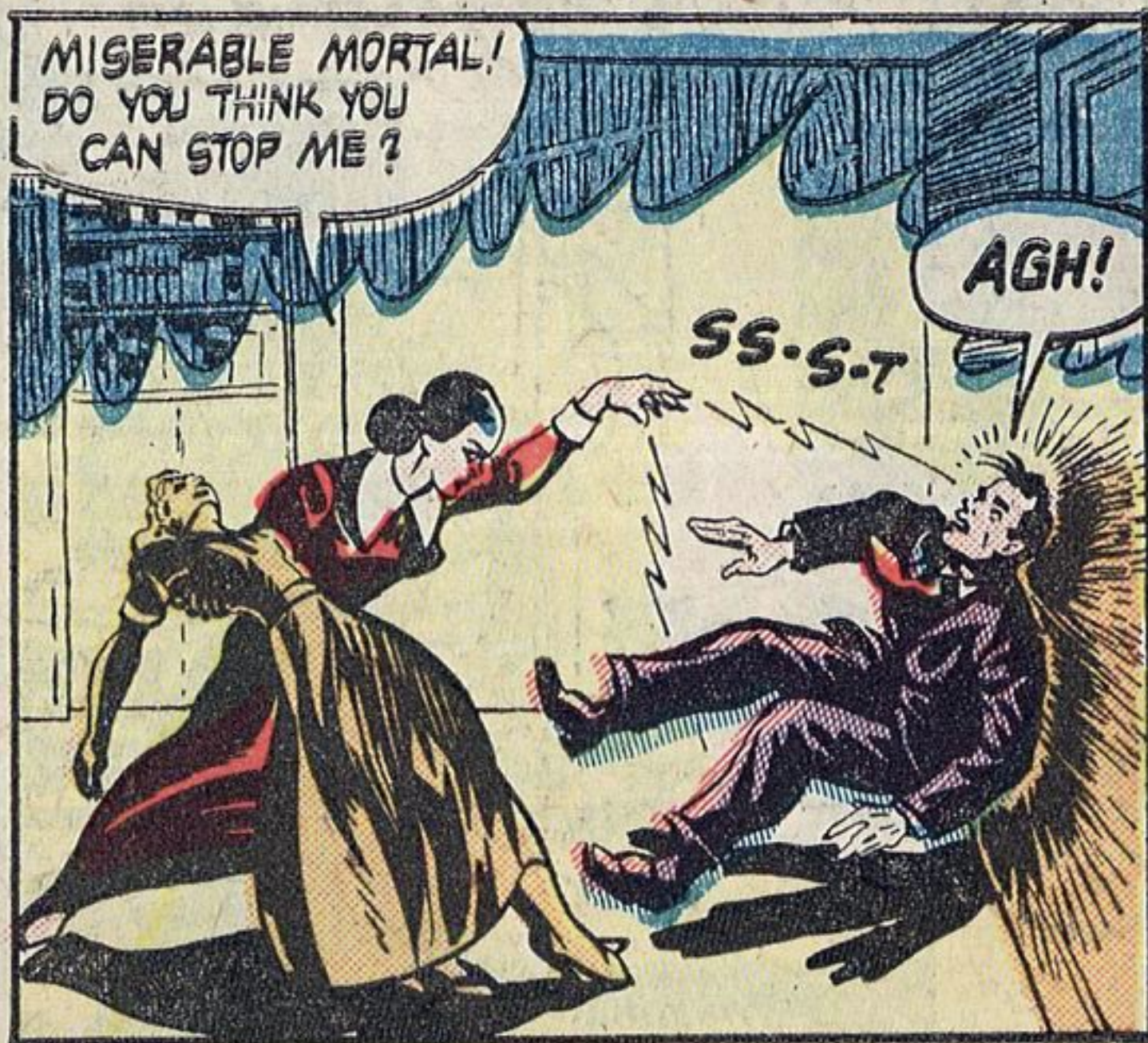
CURIOUS, BUT SHE  
SEEMS TO PREFER--  
THE FIRE!



**S**UDDENLY, EMERGING FROM THE FELINE SHAPE --  
A TERRIFYING TRANSFORMATION!



**B**UT AS CURT ADVANCED TO RESCUE ELLEN, HE WAS MET BY A FEARSOME, PARALYZING FORCE!





**THEN, AFTER THE WITCH'S WEIRD INCANTATION --  
A HIDEOUS APPARITION!**



YOU SENT FOR  
ME, O  
MISTRESS?

YES! YON DAZED  
WRETCH DARED TO  
OPPOSE ME! CARRY  
HIM OFF TO THE  
DREAD REALM  
BEYOND!

HIS DOOM  
IS SEALED!  
AND NOW,  
MY LOVELY  
ONE-- **THE  
STAKE!**

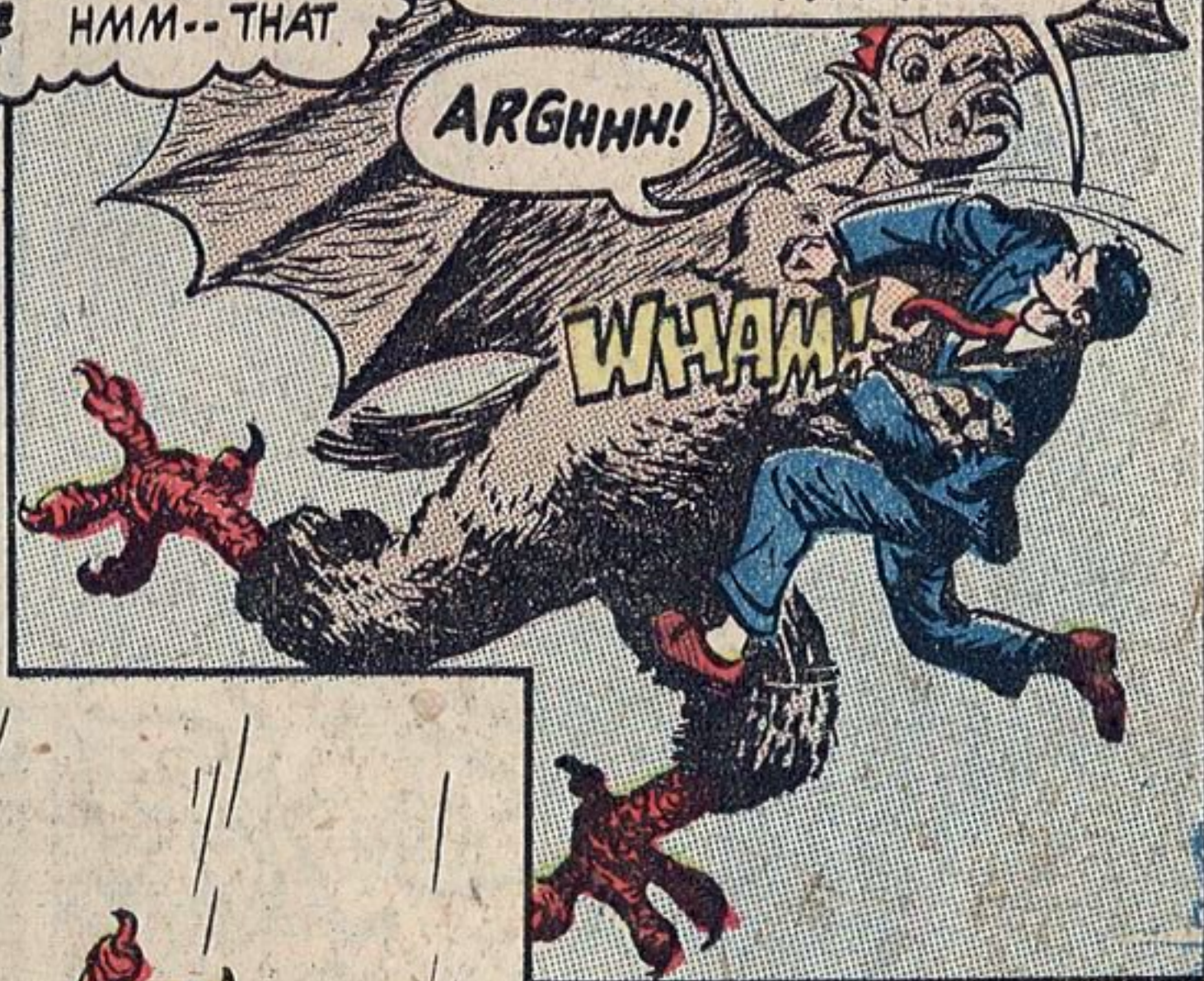


**M**OMENTS LATER, REVIVED  
BY THE COLD AIR--



YE GODS-- WHAT AM I DOING UP **HERE?**  
AND THIS DEMON-- AH, NOW I REMEMBER!  
THE **WITCH**-- SHE'S GOT ELLEN! I'VE GOT  
TO SAVE HER-- BUT **HOW?** HMM-- THAT  
**LAKE BELOW--** GIVES ME  
A CHANCE! AND  
HERE-- **GOES!**

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE  
ELEMENT OF **SURPRISE--**  
**WHEN YOU ATTACK!**



IF I CAN ONLY HOLD ON-- A  
FEW SECONDS MORE--  
TILL WE-- **CRASH!**



I THOUGHT SO! THE  
DEMON **VANISHED**  
WHEN WE HIT THE WATER!  
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT  
BUT A COLUMN OF  
STEAM!

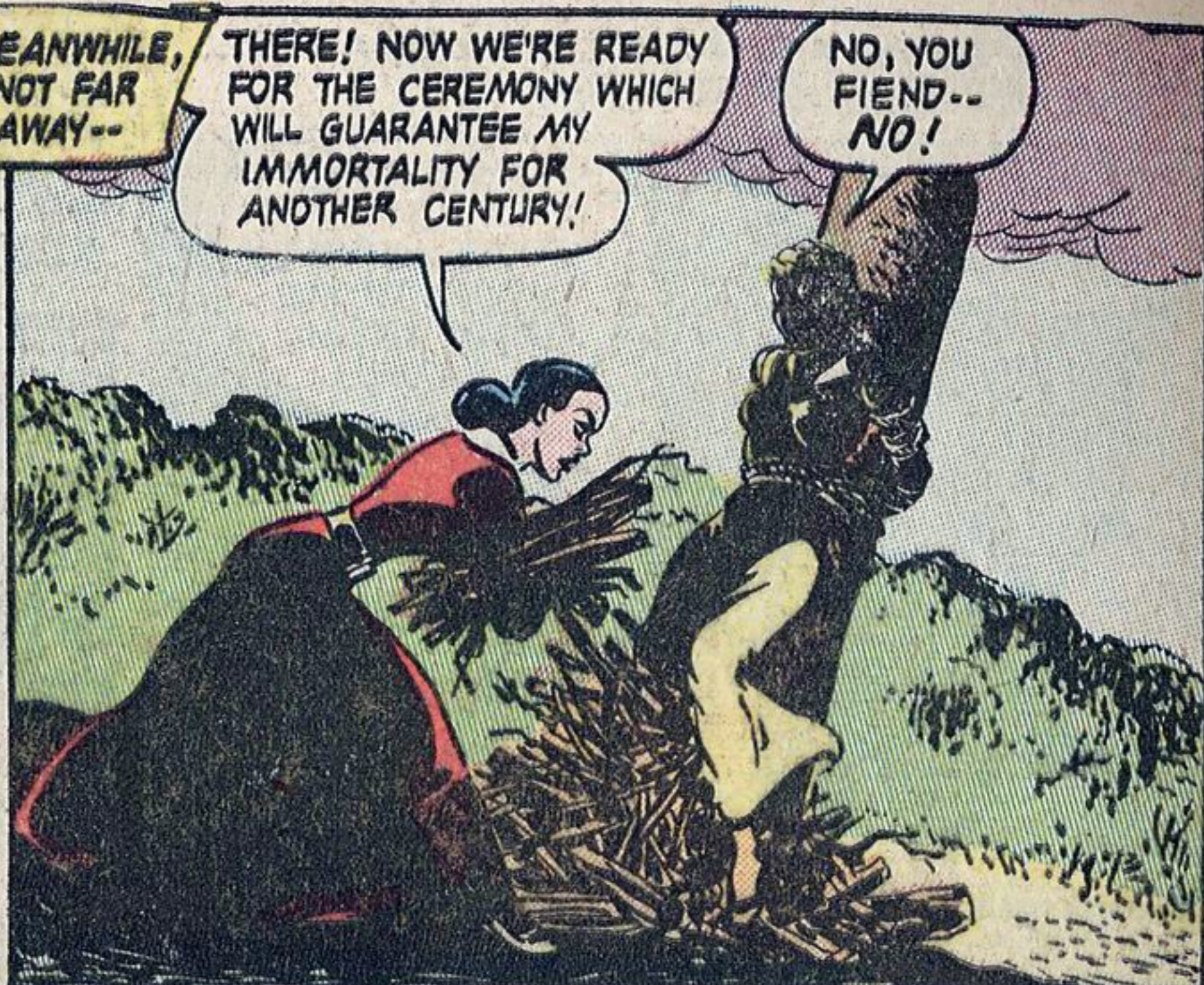






THIS IS THE SAME THICKET WHERE WE SAW THE STONE STAKE! MAYBE I CAN STILL GET THERE IN TIME-- I'VE GOT TO!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY--



THERE! NOW WE'RE READY FOR THE CEREMONY WHICH WILL GUARANTEE MY IMMORTALITY FOR ANOTHER CENTURY!

NO, YOU FIEND-- NO!



AND NOW-- RISE, MY FOLLOWERS-- RISE!

OHNN!

AS ELLEN'S CRY OF TERROR ECHOS THROUGH THE WOODS--



HELP!

ELLEN... SHE'S STILL ALIVE! BUT I'D NEVER GET TO HER IN TIME-- EVEN IF I COULD STOP THOSE DEMONS! WAIT--



THE WATER DOWN THERE... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! THOSE FIENDS ARE AFRAID OF WATER!

THEY WERE AFRAID TO CROSS THE STREAM, AND THE CREEP WHO DIVED INTO THE LAKE EVAPORATED INTO STEAM! IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IT'S MY ONLY HOPE!



AND NOW, IT IS TIME FOR YOUR FIERY DOOM-- WHICH WILL BRING ME ANOTHER CENTURY OF LIFE! BEHOLD!



**S**UDDENLY, THE EVIL SPIRIT OF HESTER MATHER IS TRANSFORMED INTO A FLAMING TORCH--

LET THE FLAMES ASCEND TO SCORCH AND CONSUME!

**B**UT ON THE NEARBY HILLTOP--

THERE! I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED--THAT WATER HAS GOT TO WORK!

**CR-RASH!**

A FLOOD!  
THE DAM  
-IT'S  
BROKEN!

THE WATER--NO!  
**YAAAGH!**

IT'S ALL OVER NOW, HONEY!  
HESTER MATHER DIDN'T GET HER VICTIM AFTER ALL, AND HER DIABOLICAL SPIRIT IS DESTROYED FOREVER!

WH-WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
THERE'S  
NOTHING  
LEFT BUT  
COLUMNS  
OF STEAM!

ELLEN, ARE  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

CURT,  
YOU'RE  
SAFE!  
THANK  
GOODNESS!

NO, THANK THE WATER!  
THAT'S WHAT DID THE  
TRICK!-- THE ONE  
THING THEY  
COULDN'T  
WITHSTAND!

THE  
END

7.



# An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer"

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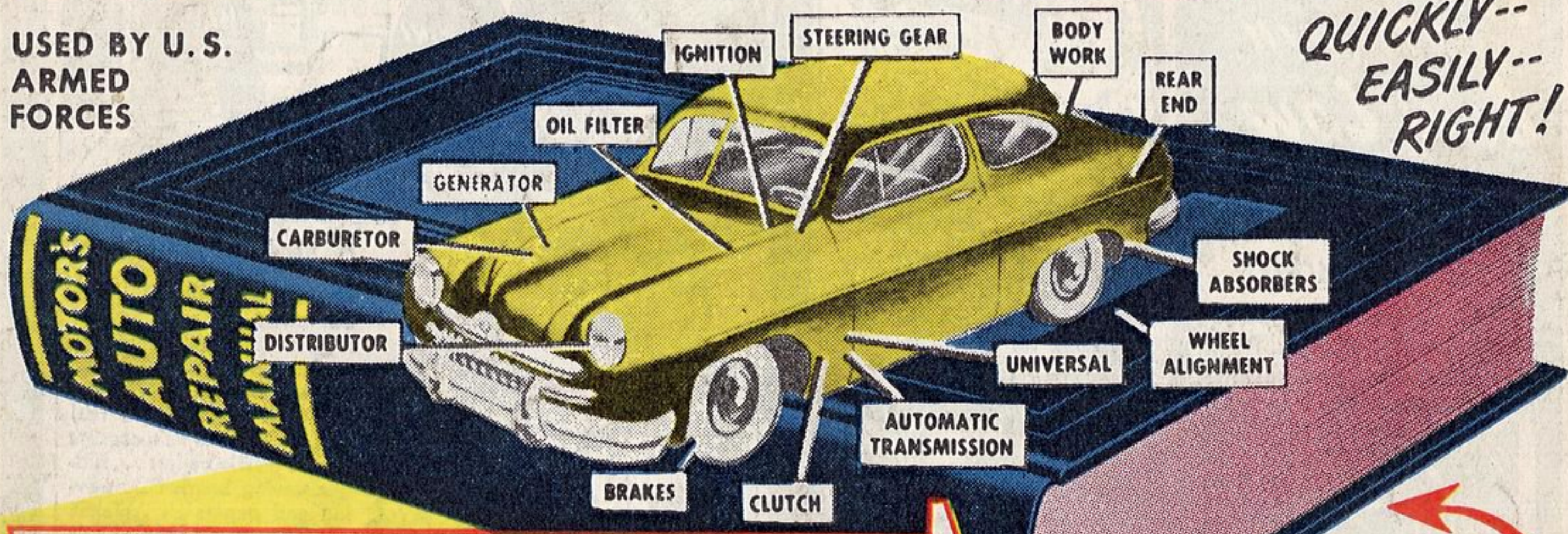
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